



LEGENDS OF THE WIRELESS PIONEERS



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Jack Phillips

Wireless Hero of the Titanic

CQD CQD SOS DE MGY

"Log" of Rescue Ship  
S.S. Carpathia-MPA

Great Moments in History

THE TITANIC DISASTER

by H. W. Dickow

At 11:20 p.m., Sunday, April 14, 1912, Captain Edward J. Smith of the White Star liner Titanic (wireless call "MGY") barely put his head into the door of the wireless cabin and ordered Senior Marconi Wireless Operator John George (Jack) Phillips to send a call for assistance. The world's greatest ship, displacing 46,000 tons and costing \$12 million to build, was on her maiden voyage to New York when she struck an iceberg in the area known as the Grand Banks of the North Atlantic. In the cabin with Phillips was Harold Bride, the Junior Marconi Operator.

"What shall I send?" asked Phillips of the captain. "The regulation International call for help—just that," came the reply.

Phillips began sending CQD. "Send SOS," said Bride, "It's the new call, and it may be your last chance to send it."

Both calls—CQD and SOS, the old and the new, went out. And immediately came a reply from the Frankfurt/DFT, too far away to be of assistance, followed by a reply from the Carpathia/MPA, about 47 miles distant. Within a few minutes the Carpathia altered her course and proceeded to the scene of the disaster, Latitude 41.46 North, Longitude 50.14 West.

The Titanic had been warned earlier in the evening that she would soon encounter an ice floe, but the admonition was taken lightly, for she was said to be unsinkable.

It was a clear, calm night. The Leyland liner California/MWL was stopped in the drifting ice not more than 20 miles away. She carried but one wireless operator — 20-year-old youth Cyril F. Evans, who made an effort to inform the Titanic's operator of the ice floe. He received a curt, "Shut up, I'm busy with Cape Race," from the Titanic's Jack Phillips. Following this rebuff, and after having been on duty 16 hours, he continued to listen for a few minutes longer, and then secured his equipment. Had he remained on duty, he should have heard the distress signal from the Titanic and the California could have cautiously covered the distance in time to be of valuable assistance. \*

About an hour after the first CQD-SOS call went out, Phillips was fitted with a life jacket by his junior operator. Moments later, when Bride stepped out of the wireless cabin to enter his stateroom, a stoker from the boiler room, who had wandered to the upper deck, saw Phillips at work in his life jacket and attempted to remove it from his torso. Bride reappeared and felled the stoker with a vicious blow. Bride kept urging Phillips to abandon his post. The

fore well-deck of the ship was awash and the women and children had already been placed in the lifeboats and cleared.

Captain Smith returned to the wireless cabin and told the radio officers to shift for themselves as the ship was sinking. An eye-witness has told how Phillips again took up his headphones when the captain had left, and resumed his CQD-SOS calls.



JOHN GEORGE PHILLIPS

The Wireless Hero of the "Titanic"

Marconi wireless operator John George (Jack) Phillips to whom more than 700 survivors of the ill-fated liner owe their lives. Phillips remained at his post long after his captain had urged him to abandon his cabin. His junior operator, Harold Bride, survived the disaster.

(Photo courtesy Marconi International Marine, Ltd.)

Said Bride: "How poor Phillips worked through it I don't know. He was a brave man. He picked up the Olympic/MKC and told her we were sinking by the head. Then came the captain's voice: "Men, you have done your full duty. You can do no more. Abandon your cabin. Now it's every man for himself." Phillips clung on, sending and sending. He clung on for about ten minutes or maybe fifteen minutes after the captain had released him. Water was then coming into our cabin. Phillips ran aft, and that's the last I saw of him alive."

Miraculously, Bride was rescued from the icy waters and taken aboard the Carpathia, where he assisted her lone wireless operator, Thomas Cottam, in the dispatch of an enormous amount of traffic until both men reached the point of physical exhaustion. Cottam stated that the first signal he received from Phillips read as follows: "Come at once, we've struck a berg. It's a CQD call, old man."

It is fortunate that Cottam was on watch when the Titanic's distress call came. His time had long been up, but he was intent on intercepting some news flashes from Cape Cod when the dreaded signal was received. But for the Carpathia's assistance, there would have been no survivors.

It has often been reported that the Titanic used only the distress signal CQD, but the facts are otherwise. The Carpathia's wireless log, reproduced here in full for the date of the disaster, will set the record straight.

The Titanic carried 1348 passengers and a crew of 860. There were only 703 survivors.

The sinking of the great ship caused new maritime laws to be enacted. Thereafter it was compulsory for all ships to communicate with each other, regardless of the make of wireless equipment aboard. Many ships were required to carry two wireless operators, and to maintain a continuous watch. The automatic SOS alarm-bell came into being. And the signal SOS completely replaced the older CQD.

The wireless operators of the Titanic were paid \$1 per day for their services, the equivalent of a bit more than 8-cents an hour for a 12-hour tour of duty. "What might have happened had the Titanic not been fitted with wireless installation is too terrible to contemplate," said H. E. Hancock in his Wireless at Sea.

\* History of Communications-Electronics in the U.S. Navy.  
Cap't. L. S. Howeth, USN (Retired).  
U.S. Government Printing Office.

Continued on Page 19

Henry W. Dickow 3-S/SGP  
Deceased Apr. 17 1971





**SPARKS JOURNAL QUARTERLY**

**SPARKS JOURNAL QUARTERLY**

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**Recording Wireless History for Posterity**

**God must know an awful lot** by Tim Nelson

God, last night I looked at the stars. And I saw Andromeda Orion Jupiter Luna	Football Baseball Soccer. And I Swam Ran Swung Climbed. And I watched my feet And legs and arms and hands. I saw the incredible engineering behind them. I felt their impossible dexterity. God, you must know an awful lot about athletics.	next to that mass of cells And I thought. God, you must know an awful lot about psychology. Yesterday I heard the voices you gave to Caruso Munsel Callas. I realized the talent you gave Gershwin Bach Tchaikovsky. I heard Sinatra and Campbell. God, you must know an awful lot about music.	God, you must know an awful lot about philosophy <b>Today I read about Jesus</b> I read that he's your only Son— An Extension of yourself I read about his Life. And about his Death: How you sent him to <b>Take the rap for me:</b> How you deserted him —for me; How he was Scorned Spit on Mocked Beaten Tortured for me For worthless me. And all this because You Really Cared for me. God, you must know an awful lot about love. I can't help wondering. God. Why do people ignore you?
Like a mobile of suspended orbs. I saw the cosmos of your creation. God, you must know an awful lot about physics. Yesterday I read about DNA Cytoplasm Neurons. I studied Respiration Replication Photosynthesis. Through a microscope I saw Amoebae Paramecia Algae. I saw life God, you must know an awful lot about biology. Yesterday I played	Yesterday I saw a picture of a brain. That cellular mass that allowed me to reason and decide and love and hate all on my own. Then I looked at boxes filled with tapes, circuits and memory banks. And saw what a pitiful facsimile they were	Yesterday I read about Socrates Descartes Kierkegaard. And I watched people— all kinds of people. I saw them searching for meaning. Then I knew you had given everyone spiritual need.	

Thanks to William J. O'Brien

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**"RADIO OPERATORS LAMENT"**

I sit there all day in "five-zero-two".  
Now was that a "V" or was it a "U"?  
The whole trouble is—I pause too long,  
By fussing over one I got three wrong.

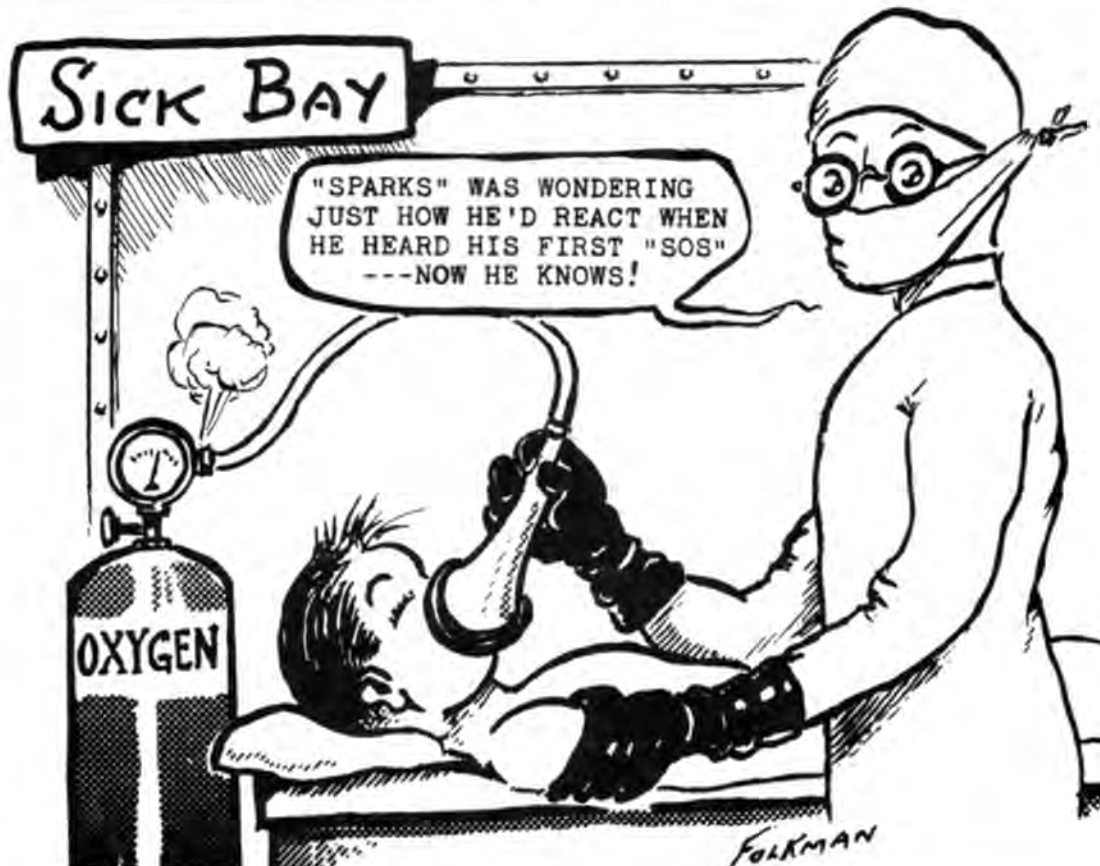
I believe it was Sherman who said "War was Hell!",  
Well he just played around with cannon and Shell,  
While all day long us guys have to sit,  
Trying to pick out the "Dah" from the "Dits".

I scratch my head and pull at my hair,  
My eyes get fixed with a hard glassey stare.  
Now was it and "F" or was it an "L"?  
I'll soon be ready for a nice padded cell.

You don't have to be nuts, if you get what I mean  
but they tell me it helps in passing "16".  
So bring the scissors and paper to me,  
I'll cut out some dolls if it's just got to be.

Mark Krenauer W8ECK

Note: This poem was written by Mark Kronauer when he was a code Instructor at Truax Field during WW2. The G I's they were training for Radio Operators aboard the "B-17's for the Army Air Force had no previous knowledge of the International Morse Code. They had graduated from 10WPM to the next phase, which was really rough---16WPM. It was really tough on those boys and a number of them ended up in Section "8" which prompted him to write the above.





# A TRIBUTE TO . . . . .

## William A. "Bill" Breniman

### FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF WIRELESS PIONEERS, INC.



1950 - Deputy Chief, Communications Division  
Civil Aeronautics Administration

**William A. Breniman**

## PORTS O' CALL (VOL. IV) REPRINT OF PREFACE

The objectives of this book and the Society of Wireless Pioneers are simple.

First, to record the colorful history and memorabilia of the early days of Wireless. To give credit due the hundreds of brave and dedicated men and women who saved thousands of lives and untold numbers of ships . . . often undaunted by the fact that sticking to their key for a few extra seconds or minutes might cost them their lives - which in fact it did on too many occasions.

In so doing, they have etched a heritage that should be cherished by all mankind. We salute these brave men who have brought so much honor to our profession.

The title "Sparks" is universally known over the 'Seven Seas'. This book will document their deeds for posterity.

The Society, through its world-wide organization, sponsors the fraternalism and fellowship of "Professional Brass-Pounders" everywhere—bringing and sharing the warm friendship and harmonious rapport to all who have been or are still active in this field of communications.

From the provincialism of ancient modes of communications to the ultra-sophistication of today's art - members of our craft have played a dominant role in the advancement of civilization and cementing the bonds of humanity. We have speeded communications from days, months or years to . . . seconds! Today almost every place on earth is in 'instant' contact with each other - and this highly developed degree of the art has even gone to the moon with our astronauts. Many of our members were in the vanguard of this progress.

We feel justifiably proud of the heritage of our profession and the kind and type of men it has attracted over the years. We are not unmindful of the progress in other fields but to think in terms 'basic', Communications has tied it all together and still keeps it functioning at full capacity.

It will be a sad day when we experience a world-wide "communications-gap" . . . may that day never come! Let's keep the lines open!

William A. Breniman  
Founder & Director

## HONORARIUM

I wish to pay special tribute to Wm. A. Breniman, Founder and President of the Society of Wireless Pioneers. This I will do in Continental Code on my accordion (\*) to carry the spirit embodied in this glorious effort to honor a GREAT MAN, confident that my sentiments are shared by all members of the Society.

(\*) Brief code greeting on accordion.)

"Bill, I have long delayed in congratulating you as one who has achieved so much in the field of Wireless Communication, recording the history of professional Wireless Operators who, while performing dedicated service to mankind and safety at sea, lived lives of thrilling adventures and often aspiring, perhaps, to become heroes such as Binns of the Republic, and Phillips of the Titanic.

Before me are copies of the Newsletters and publications published by the Society since its formation ten years ago, from the first PORTS OF CALL in

1968 and the last issue received, as well as the YEAR BOOK directory for 1976. I have all of the SPARKS issues to date. What a truly massive record of glorious history! Contemplating such a world of beautiful documentation moves me to marvel at your genius in organization, perception, and the great spirit that inspired you to bring together this precious record for all future generations to behold. I also think of those who helped you along . . . Dick Johnston, Dickow, Wohler, Geisel, Whittaker, Mangelsdorf, Osborne, Willets, Cady, Scott, and others. But you were the giant and propelling inspiration that produced this wonderful record which also included such splendid pictures of ships and nautical memorabilia. The Amateur Radio Station Directory of SOWP members reflects a great effort to bring the Society's members in ever closer contact in warm camaraderie.

I remember well the many luncheons held over the years to bring members together in a great nostalgic feast, with programs that moved one to relive the joys and adventures of his youth. I prize the volume that lists a brief biographical story of the member. I occasionally peruse this record and thrill all over to read again the many tales told in Year Book 1973 where members recount stories of their stirring sea and wireless experiences.

Bill, I could go on and on, but I must confine myself to the main purpose of my remarks. The meeting held at the Sea Wolf Cafe in Jack London Square in Oakland, inspired me to pay you a deserved compliment now for we are deep in the sunset of life, and it is later than one realizes.

In the last issue of PORTS OF CALL, your photograph appears on page four under the heading of PREFACE. Your comments beautifully sum up what the Society is all about. All the materials published in the Society's literature gives exciting proof of what it was like to be a Wireless Operator. But most important, all of this documentation reposes in libraries and other reference locations in our country for all future generations to behold . . . a great historical achievement qualifying you as a master historian to be remembered with great respect and admiration such as accorded people like Marconi, Deforest, Sarnoff, and other illustrious contributors to the Communication Science. This valuable record will be part of the legacy I will leave to my children, and their children.

We marvel at the exploits of the Astronauts who roamed the moon. The thrill they must have felt. I feel that our early pioneer Wireless Operators have enjoyed such kindred prestige and exalted emotions. With the deafening crackling sound, and the lightning-like flashes of station Spark gaps, and with the smell of Ozone in my nostrils, I personally have felt almost God-like at the key, thrilling at hurtling the product of my fist to send unseen messages for miles around the earth and seas.

Technological developments have been so bewildering and mind-boggling in this century that one dares wonder if there is really a hereafter. I'm beginning to suspect that maybe there may be, so that when we become SILENT KEYS, we will all meet again in the great beyond and resume the camaraderie we enjoyed on this earth. Perhaps Marconi will personally thank you for effecting the relocation of the Marconi Memorial Bench on San Francisco's Telegraph Hill!

I have wondered about some of the frustrating moments in your efforts to bring forth your historic record of the Wireless Telegraphy role in the Communications Field . . . that perhaps you had tackled an Impossible Dream. I don't think your dream failed, and in tribute to your great efforts, and to your charming wife, Ruth, who undoubtedly shared your hard work and frustrations, I will finish this tribute by dedicating to you both a rendition of THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM on my accordion.

Bill, I pray to God that HE keeps his guiding hand on your shoulder and lead you to many good things in your remaining sunset years. Thanks for all the glorious memories you have wrought to so many."

Mario Spagna  
67-SGP (Charter Member)

## PRELIMINARY COMMENTS - GOLDEN GATE DIRECTOR FRED MANGELSDORF

"In my letter announcing this luncheon, I mentioned it as an occasion to honor the 10th anniversary of the founding of the Society. In developing our program, I thought it would be timely to pay special tribute to Bill Breniman, the Founder. Mario Spagna stated he recently taped a tribute to Bill, and he showed me a copy of the narrative. Knowing of Bill's modesty, and that he might consider it as personal correspondence between Mario and himself, one can understand why Bill would not mention it generally.

Since this luncheon can be regarded as a FOUNDER'S DAY, and assuming appropriate license, I asked Mario if he could briefly paraphrase his tribute and translate the coded sentiments expressed therein. I feel that what Mario has expressed will be appreciated by all of us here today, and can be publicly recognized as a great HONOR to Bill which he so richly deserves on this 10th Anniversary gathering . . . . .

Mario, will you please carry on." . . . . .

## MANDATE & RESOLUTION

At the conclusion of Mario Spagna's tribute the following resolution was offered by Secretary Scott:

"I believe that this tribute just read should be made known to all of the Society's membership. Accordingly, I offer the following resolution, hoping it will be unanimously adopted here today:" (Quote.)

On this day, May 27th, 1978 at the El Rancho Inn, in Millbrae, California, a tribute was read to the assembled members of SOWP, honoring the Founder of the Society of Wireless Pioneers. [Be it therefore RESOLVED: that William A. Breniman be requested to publicize in the Society's next Sparks Journal the full text of the tribute paid in his honor today so that SOWP members around the world will know that due recognition of his great dedication and historical achievements have been appreciated, and should be recorded publicly.] Attached is a copy of the tribute mentioned, and a copy of this resolution is to be forwarded to Bill Breniman for early appropriate action. (Unquote.)

(Resolution seconded and unanimously approved by the Golden Gate Chapter Members)



# The McCarty Wireless Telephone System, Circa 1906

## The McCarty Wireless Telephone

- Does not require an expert operator.
- Rings its call bells by wireless.
- Works in all kinds of weather.
- Eliminates poles and wire and the expense of maintaining them.
- Does not require operators and line-men to keep its stations in order and the question of labor troubles is eliminated.
- Does not need franchises.

**T**HE purpose of this booklet is to supply a growing demand for exact information as to the utility and practicability of the McCarty wireless telephone.

Up to the present time the field of the wire telephone is restricted to inter-communication in cities and to interurban work. For this reason the busy man's familiarity with the field of telephone service is limited to the possibilities of the wire system, and he is prevented from realizing the existence of almost limitless new fields for telephone operation which can be opened up at a profit by a wireless telephone.

A great deal more than fifty per cent. of the earth's surface is forever closed to the wire telephone. This tremendous handicap is due to two insurmountable obstacles, namely, the necessity of wire connections and the great cost of erecting and maintaining them.

But the McCarty wireless telephone sweeps away these obstacles and puts into rapid communication with the outer world the most inaccessible districts. Nor would it be necessary for such a wireless telephone to have an extensive operating range like the wireless tele-

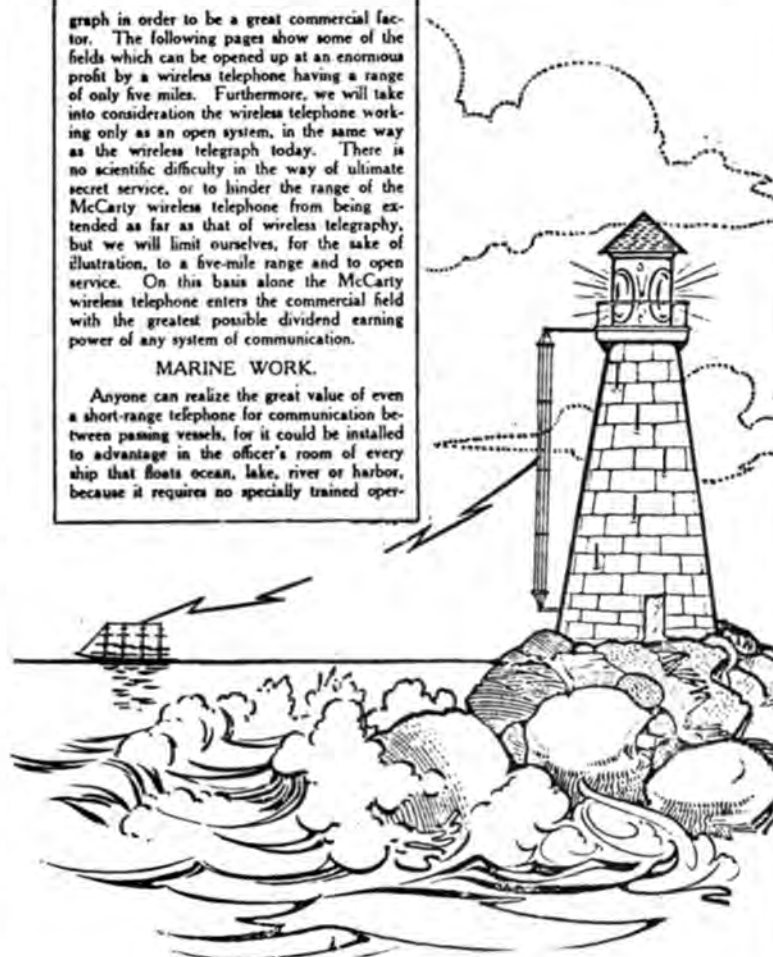
graph in order to be a great commercial factor. The following pages show some of the fields which can be opened up at an enormous profit by a wireless telephone having a range of only five miles. Furthermore, we will take into consideration the wireless telephone working only as an open system, in the same way as the wireless telegraph today. There is no scientific difficulty in the way of ultimate secret service, or to hinder the range of the McCarty wireless telephone from being extended as far as that of wireless telegraphy, but we will limit ourselves, for the sake of illustration, to a five-mile range and to open service. On this basis alone the McCarty wireless telephone enters the commercial field with the greatest possible dividend earning power of any system of communication.

### MARINE WORK.

Anyone can realize the great value of even a short-range telephone for communication between passing vessels, for it could be installed to advantage in the officer's room of every ship that floats ocean, lake, river or harbor, because it requires no specially trained oper-



*"Things move along so rapidly now-a-days that people who say 'It can't be done,' are interrupted by somebody doing it."*



## PROSPECTUS FROM 10-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE BY S. P. HOLDEN

ator. Such a service, by substituting a means for direct telephone communication, would do away with the present crude methods of signalling with flags, lights, etc., by which passing vessels interchange important information for their mutual safety. It would also enable all river, lake and harbor craft to be in constant communication with the shore and one another, and thus facilitate the despatch of traffic.

In addition to the great benefit this service would prove to shipping interests in general, this field of operation alone will be immensely lucrative to the company owning this telephone. A few figures will emphasize this fact. A conservative estimate of the number of ships in actual service puts it at about forty thousand. To be more conservative, we will take as a basis only a quarter of this number as using this telephone, which would bring the number down to ten thousand. The cost of installation for each ship would be well under \$50.00 a set. On this basis, ten thousand ships could be outfitted at an expenditure of \$500,000. These instruments would command at least \$20 per month rental. This

would mean an income from marine telephones of about \$2,400,000 a year. As the capital stock of the McCarty Wireless Telephone Company is \$1,000,000, the enormous dividends these shares will command from this field alone can be seen.

### TRAINS.

Consider what this telephone will mean to the safety of train despatching all over the world! The McCarty wireless telephone will make it possible to deliver orders to trains while under way and thus prevent serious accidents. To give some idea of the feasibility of wireless systems on trains, the following item taken from "Modern Electric" for March will prove interesting:

"Wireless messages flashed from a train running at a speed of a mile a minute were received on February 27 by an operator stationed on the roof of the La Salle-street Station, Chicago. The messages were sent by an operator on a special Lake Shore train running to Chicago from Buffalo and equipped with instruments of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company. The train which left Buf-

falo at 10:30 o'clock in the morning was composed of ten cars. One wireless telegraph station was located at Cleveland, another at Toledo and a third at Elkhart. The first message received was when the train was eighty miles east of Cleveland and running at a high rate of speed. The first message received from the train in Chicago was sent from a point near La Porte. On the train messages were received before the train reached Cleveland, and from that time until the train reached Chicago."

The McCarty wireless telephone requires no specially trained operator, and its importance as a life-saver along the thousands of miles of railroad tracks which girdle the globe can be readily appreciated.

### MINES.

Ninety per cent. of the gold, silver, copper and coal mines, and, in fact, mines of every description, are located in almost inaccessible mountain ranges, which are subject at all times to terrific storms, thus making the maintenance of any method of communication with the outside world by wires extremely difficult, if

not impossible, and very costly. So much is this so that mines reached by wire telephone service today are the exception, and almost fabulous prices are charged for exchanging even very short messages. The McCarty wireless telephone can enter this field at a nominal cost for the erection of its stations, and provide a cheap means of direct communication. Storms and avalanches cannot interfere with its operation, and valuable ore-producing districts, which would otherwise be isolated, will have a sure method of communication.

### ISLANDS.

As an illustration of the immense field for commercial operation which is awaiting the advent of the McCarty wireless telephone, take the innumerable islands which dot the seas and are generally found in groups of from five to several hundred. The Philippine group presents a striking example of an extensive island territory broken up into a great many individual islands, each one of which is very rich in natural resources and separated from the others by narrow stretches of water. These

## OFFERING McCARTY WIRELESS TELEPHONE SECURITIES

narrow stretches of water, however, are sufficient to prevent any means of rapid communication, except by the use of submarine cables which are so costly to install and maintain as to be entirely out of the question, or by wireless telegraphy, which is too expensive for this use on account of the necessity of employing expert operators. The McCarty wireless telephone offers the only cheap means for putting all these island groups into rapid inter-communication.

### LUMBER CAMPS.

The great value and importance of this wireless telephone in the lumber camps can be readily appreciated. This telephone can be made portable and the operation of lumber camps can be directed from any central point and gangs of men can isolate themselves in the wildest regions and change their base of operation at will, as it will always be possible to communicate with their supply depot, etc. For the same reasons the great cattle ranges and plantations can be outfitted with the McCarty system at a nominal cost and immediately these vast stretches of land are made

to lose their inaccessibility. There is no need of emphasizing the comparative value of telephone service with the usual methods of horse-back communication now utilized on all cattle ranges and plantations.

### MILITARY PURPOSES.

The McCarty wireless telephone will enter the government service as a factor of the utmost importance for military purposes. In the first place, the instruments, being very small, will be portable and can be mounted on the ammunition wagons. With this arrangement the commanding officer can direct the movements of any portion of his troops, whether in army maneuvers or in actual warfare. Army ambulances equipped with this telephone can be quickly located and called to any part of the field. The governments of the world should prove very valuable customers.

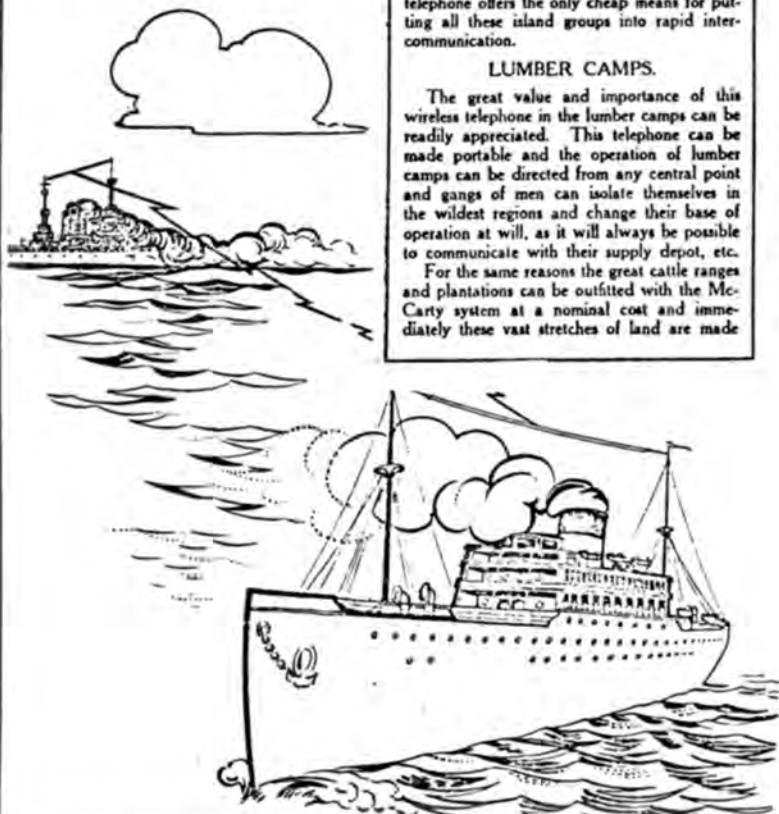
### SAFETY DEVICES.

It would take many pages to cover the fields for the use of the McCarty wireless telephone or to exhaust its commercial possibilities. As this booklet is limited in size, we will but

briefly enumerate some of the other fields for extensive operation.

Light-houses can be put into connection with the mainland and with their depots of supplies. Dangerous reefs can also be equipped with wireless telephones, worked automatically by phonographs, and in this way warn vessels of their dangerous proximity. This field alone will require thousands of instruments on the coasts of the world, and telephones used in this way will furnish a warning system that can be depended on in any and all kinds of weather. This factor can be best appreciated by mariners who are familiar with the treachery of sounds from foghorns. Prospectors and explorers will be furnished with a means of keeping in constant touch with supply stations and most of the terrors of the desert and the mountain range will be eliminated.

These are a few of the fields for the commercial operation of the McCarty wireless telephone, and every reader, after a few moments of reflection, could no doubt suggest other new and equally important fields without being in competition with the wire telephone.





“FOURTEEN YEAR OLD” FRANCIS J. McCARTY AMAZED WORLD WITH HIS INVENTIVE GENIUS

WIRELESS The Story of Youth & Vision

RIPTIDES

The McCarty Wireless Telephone---

By ROBERT O'BRIEN

The contributions San Francisco and the Bay Area have made to modern life are pretty impressive, when you come to add them up. Not all of them are of towering significance, it is true, but all of them seem here to stay.

The Martini, Vesuvius of cocktails, for instance, was first concocted in a Montgomery street bar. The ice cream brick was invented in a confectioner's shop at Sutter and Powell. The cable car, of course, was invented in San Francisco and so (as we discovered a little while ago) was the slot machine.

The first controlled flight in a heavier-than-air flying craft was made at Santa Clara. The first motion pictures were made at Palo Alto and Sacramento. And, in a detailed and dramatic story in The Chronicle's Television Edition a year ago, Neil Hitt told how Philo Farnsworth transmitted the first picture through the air by electronic television, from Telegraph Hill to the Merchants' Exchange building a mile away, in 1930.

Buried in the newspaper files and in the memories of a few San Franciscans is the story of a rather amazing addition to this list—the invention of the wireless telephone.

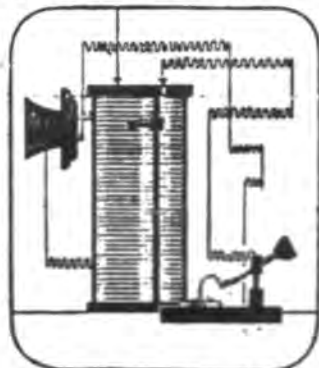
In 1902, six years after Marconi conducted his first successful experiments in wireless telegraphy, a 14-year-old inventor transmitted his voice by wireless telephony across Stow lake, in Golden Gate Park.

The next year he broadcast from his home laboratory at Gough and Grove streets to a receiver atop Mt. Olympus, a distance of at least two miles.

In 1905, he invited newspapermen to witness his experiments. From a transmitter in the carpenter shop of the Cliff House, he talked and sang five songs into a

microphone. They were heard distinctly a mile south in the Cyclers' Rest, which was on the ocean side of Great highway, opposite the Beach Chalet.

In all his demonstrations, he used a microphone and a receiver, and the principle of the Hertzian wave, which had led Marconi to the discovery of the wireless telegraph. He did not have the thermionic triode, or audion tube, which Lee de Forest invented in 1907, and which made wireless telephony a practical means of communication. But, so far as is known, this lad, this apprentice electrician who left school at the age of 12, was the first person in



the world to demonstrate that the voice could be transmitted by wireless.

Wrote The Chronicle's reporter cautiously after the Cliff House test:

"If the experiments made yesterday on the beach below the Cliff House may be used as a basis of speculation, it appears that a San Francisco boy just past 17 has solved the problem which gray-bearded scientists declared impossible of solution.

"The boy believes that he has made the great first step toward the solution of the problem of wireless telephony, and his ex-

perimental exhibition certainly bears out his belief . . ."

The name of the young genius was Francis J. McCarty, who was born in Hayes valley in 1888. He was a nephew of Dan "White Hat" McCarty, and was the second inventor to appear in the family; his grandfather, William Lynch of San Francisco, had invented and patented something he called "Lynch's illuminating ventilating tile." You see a development of it everywhere today on city sidewalks, small circular pieces of heavy glass set in the concrete to admit light into under-the-sidewalk basement areas.

In his tiny office at 988 Market street, his brother, Ignatius McCarty, who worked with him on his early experiments, told me what Francis was like.

"At 14, he was a tall kid for his age, about 6 feet," he said. "He went to St. Ignatius College until he was 12, and then left school, but he was always studying and tinkering. He was a great one for going around and getting information . . ."

An electrical engineer himself, McCarty spent some time explaining the technical aspects of his brother's work, and the names of the Nineteenth Century scientists, Maxwell, Branley, Hertz and Marconi, all of whom contributed something to the development of radio, figured prominently in his discussion.

"Francis started his experiments to demonstrate that the Hertzian wave would transmit voice in 1902, when we lived on Hermann street, near the Mint. We used to take the apparatus out to Golden Gate Park, and talk across Stow lake.

"People used to ask us what we were doing, and we told them, 'Talking by wireless telephone.' I guess," Ignatius laughed, "they thought we were nuts . . . But wouldn't you?"

(To be continued Wednesday)

CLIPPINGS - YELLOW WITH AGE

Two clippings from the San Francisco Chronicle circa April 1932 carry the story of young Francis J. McCarty and his Wireless Telephone. They were written by Robert O'Brien of the Chronicle and found their way into the files of Henry Dickow who retained files of historical material about the early days of the wireless and radio. These pages, yellow with age, fading and near disintegration may be somewhat difficult to read but they bring not only the story of early day inventions but also present the fact that all of this memorabilia and early history needs to be preserved before it is lost to the ravages of time. It is our duty to preserve historical matter such as this before it becomes lost forever.



1902

FRANCIS J. McCARTY at 13 years of age, the inventor of the McCarty Wireless Telephone. This is the only photograph ever taken of the inventor at his transmitter. Regretfully, time has faded the picture. The telegraph key he is seen manipulating served merely as a switch to turn the current on and off.

RIPTIDES

The McCarty Wireless Telephone---Finis

By ROBERT O'BRIEN

A series of lectures and demonstrations of Francis J. McCarty's dible wireless telephone followed the first public experiment conducted for the benefit

of the city. The experiment, as I have mentioned, took place at Ocean Beach, with Francis, the 17-year-old inventor, transmitting his voice by wireless from the Cliff House to a receiving apparatus a mile down the beach. This was in 1905, three years after his first outdoor experiment, during which he had talked across Stow lake to his brother Ignatius.

Reporters had left the receiving station impressed, and convinced that the tall, lank, dark-haired lad was indeed a wizard; through the magic of his strange wires and coils and arcs he had succeeded in demonstrating beyond a doubt that man could talk through space by means of the same principles that he could, with Marconi's wireless telegraph, send dots and dashes through space.

One of these subsequent demonstrations was at Hale Brothers' store; another was given at Native Sons' Hall. Ignatius, who recalls this exhibition, remembers a feature of it was an explanation by Francis of how wireless telephonic waves could be used in time of war to blow up a battleship.

Meanwhile, financing of the McCarty Wireless Telephone Co. had progressed, and construction was started on an experimental transmission shack in the Sunset sand dunes at a location which would now be at 45th avenue and Lawton street.

"Sometimes, while it was being built, we used to sleep in the shack," Ignatius said. "Frequently we'd wake up in the morning and have to shovel our way out the front door through sand that had

drifted waist-high against it during the night."

The beginning of the end of young McCarty's dream really came with the 1906 earthquake and fire. The city-wide disaster quite naturally interrupted, not only his work, but public interest in it. Additionally, the company offices were moved to Oakland for the period of reconstruction.



Ignatius remembers that Francis at this point bought himself what was then known as a "rent-collector's cart," a two-wheeled carriage without a top; and in this he commuted between his home in San Francisco and the company offices in Oakland, taking it across the bay with him on the ferries.

One day in May, 1906, Francis left the offices at Broadway and 12th street and started down Broadway in his cart. Five blocks from the office a pedestrian, darted into the road. Unable to stop his horse in time to avoid hitting him, Francis veered toward the sidewalk. The cart wheels crashed into the high curbing. Francis was flung from the cart. His body hurtled against a telephone pole, and minutes later he was dead. In another two weeks, he would have been 18.

It was a blow from which the

company and its operations never recovered. Francis, his genius and enthusiasms, had been the points about which they both revolved. With them removed, it was only a matter of time before the organization disintegrated. Value of the stock dropped, and the stock itself, in this crisis of the firm, was unwisely handled.

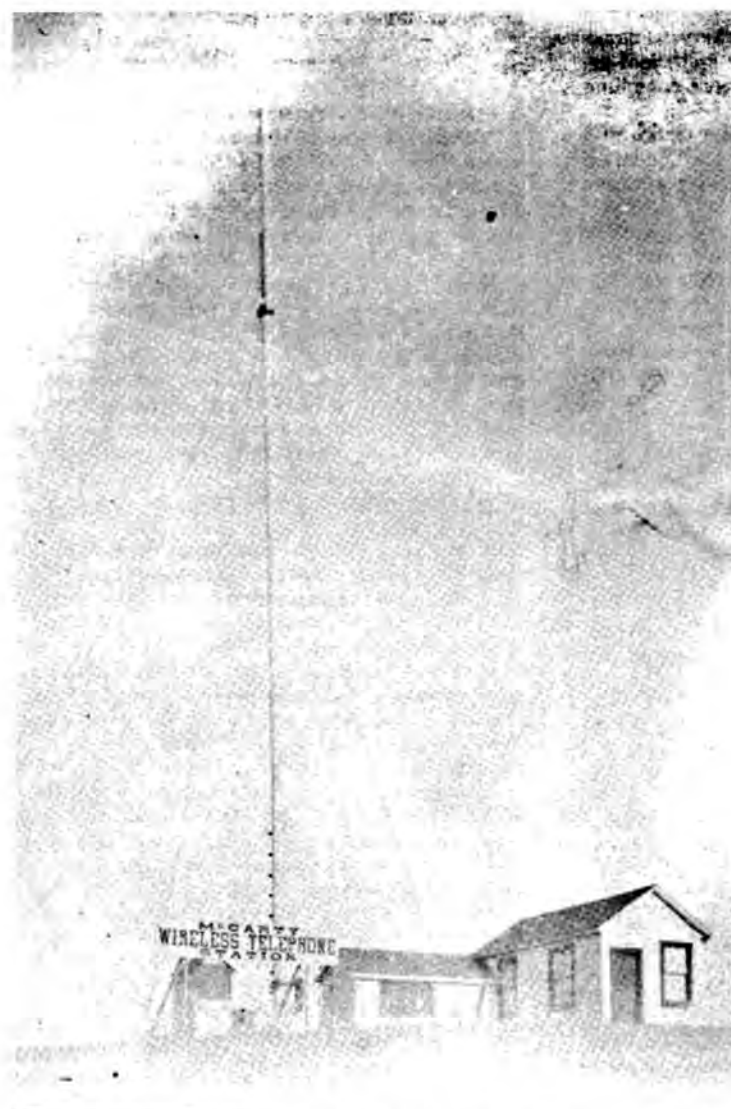
Ignatius attempted to carry on his brother's experiments, in a home laboratory in Fell street and at the shack in the sand dunes. One of his most active assistants here was William A. Horsfall, now a slight, bearded man with a scholarly air and vocabulary, who is a maintenance engineer at the Hall of Justice. In the years after the earthquake and fire, he and the McCarty's occupied adjacent flats in the same building.

"When I was working with Ignatius, I was just sort of standing by," he said the other day. "Ignatius had access to laboratory accommodations at St. Ignatius College, then in temporary quarters at Hayes and Schrader streets. Sometimes, we used to set the instruments up there."

In 1908 or 1909, a year or two after Lee de Forest's invention of the audion tube lifted wireless telephony from the realm of crude experimentation to that of practicality, there didn't seem to be much use in going on. Horsfall was there at the end.

"I accompanied Ignatius and a couple of priests from the college to the shack in the sand dunes," he said. "We went out in a horse and wagon, gathered up the equipment and material, and took it back to the college. After that, the station was abandoned."

Thus ended this obscure San Francisco chapter in the history of radio, the chapter that had opened in 1902, when 14-year-old Francis McCarty's invention carried his voice across Stow lake by the miracle of wireless telephony.



The 165 foot mast of the McCarty Wireless Telephone Station near Ocean Beach, San Francisco. Construction began in 1902.





## THE FIRST WIRELESS TELEPHONE STATION IN WESTERN AMERICA

1902-1906. The McCarty Wireless Telephone Station near the San Francisco beach. The 13-year-old inventor, Francis, and his brother, Ignatius, helped erect the 165-foot mast and the station house. From this pioneer wireless telephone installation, the voices of the McCarty brothers were heard about three air-line miles away. This rare photo is from the personal album of Ignatius McCarty, and was published for the first time in the Society's 1972 news-letter. The actual location of this station was at 45th Avenue and Lawton Street, San Francisco. Not more than five people were able to hear its signals because they alone were in possession of a wireless receiving set capable of hearing them.

### The McCarty Wireless Telephone

As early as 1902, the human voice was sent across Stow Lake in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park by a 17-year-old inventor, Francis J. McCarty. Simultaneously, other equally successful demonstrations were being made by Valdimir Poulsen in Denmark, and by Reginald J. Fessenden and Arthur F. Collins in New York. Yet Francis McCarty was the youngest and the first to bring wireless telephony to western America.

He was one of thirteen children, twelve boys and a girl. And while her hungry brood still tugged at her apron strings, the mother, Kitty, was left alone with her baker's dozen when the father walked out of his home, never to return. It was at this point that young Francis promised his mother that the revenue derived from his wireless telephone invention would support the family.

#### UNCLE "WHITE HAT"

Francis was assisted in his work by two brothers, Ignatius and Joe. To help promote the McCarty Wireless Telephone Company, an uncle, widely known among the city's bonvivants as *White Hat McCarty*, undertook the sale of stock among his many acquaintances in the saloons of San Francisco where the famed five-cent glass of steam beer was drawn. His name derived from a tall, white beaver hat which he wore wherever he went. He traveled in style in his horse-drawn buggy, taking respite at every watering trough for his dobbie, and at every corner barroom to buy drinks for those within, and to sell additional shares of stock in the McCarty Wireless Telephone Company. *White Hat* was not only successful in the sale of stock but also in his wagering at a local horse racetrack. On one occasion, he executed a successful coup which brought him a fortune of almost twenty-thousand dollars. He was responsible for the early successes of his nephew, Francis.

In 1902, at age 13, Francis approached his mother, Kitty, with a plan. If he were permitted to leave school and become a scientist, he would devote all of his time to his invention, and make it earn rewards. Kitty McCarty knew not the meaning of such words as waves, and arcs, and mercury coherers, while Francis argued that geography, spelling, history, and mathematics would rob him of too much time—and which he could always study at home at some later stage in life. Once he made his wireless contraption a success, there would remain ample time to study academics. "I have time now for one thing only," he pleaded: "My big idea."

#### SEEDS OF GENIUS

The following day his mother went to school to interview one of the professors. Quickly he agreed that Francis should be given a free hand, for the seeds of genius were already beginning to sprout from his fertile brain. The professor went so far as to offer the young McCarty the use of the school library at any time at all.

His enthusiasm was unbounded. At 15 he was hard at work on his first patent application, and soon the technical journals as far away as Germany were reviewing his ideas.

#### CAVEAT

The description of an invention for which patent application is made is called a *caveat*, and a copy of McCarty's caveat is in the library of the Society of Wireless Pioneers. It was conceived, prepared, and written by a boy just out of grade school, yet his language is that of the experienced engineer and patent lawyer. There was so little to describe in this caveat that it occupied but two typewritten pages, with the schematic wiring diagram on a separate sheet. The utter simplicity of the device is evident from the diagram of the receiving "equipment" which consisted of only a mercury coherer, a telephone receiver, and a dry-cell battery, plus the conventional aerial and ground.

The mercury coherer was a forerunner of the crystal detector and the vacuum tube. It was an extremely inefficient detecting device, suitable only for very-short-distance communication.

McCarty's wireless telephone transmitter was a replica of a part of the original Marconi system. Both used an induction coil, or spark coil, the McCarty system employing a microphone in place of the mechanical vibrator.

By 1902, Francis McCarty and his brothers Ignatius and Joe were ready to give a practical demonstration of their system to the press. The first distance spanned was only 200 feet. The clarity of the human voice surprised the three brothers, whose first experiment marked a milestone in wireless history.

In 1903, Francis transmitted his voice from his laboratory at home on Gough Street in San Francisco to a listening station atop Mount Olympus, about two-miles away.

#### THE "BIG" DEMONSTRATION

In 1905, he invited the press to witness a demonstration of an improved transmitter and receiver which he had installed in the carpenter shop of the old Cliff House at the Ocean Beach. He talked, and he sang a half-dozen songs into the microphone. His voice and song were heard with remarkable clarity a mile or two to the south in a place called Cycler's Rest on the ocean side of the Great Highway opposite the Beach Chalet.

Wrote a reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "If the experiments made yesterday on the beach below the Cliff House may be used as a basis of speculation, it appears that a San Francisco boy just past 17 has solved the problem which gray-haired scientists declared impossible of solution."

"The boy believes that he has made the first great step toward the solution of the problem of wireless telephony, and his experimental exhibition certainly bears out his belief."

Francis' hopes ran high. Ample funds came from the effort of *White Hat McCarty* . . . until one day the flow of gold came to an abrupt halt. The debonair man in the tall white beaver hat had squandered his fortune. He was soon forgotten.

Francis and his brothers now faced a dilemma. Where would the money now come from? Francis conceived a plan to give public demonstrations of his wireless telephone in public parks and playgrounds of the city, and to permit the onlookers to test the practicability of the new miracle of communication with their own voices. By this means, additional shares of stock could be sold. The plan was only partially successful, not sufficient to feed and clothe the large family.

#### \*The "Big" Demonstration (cont.)

In quest of big money, Francis ventured to the offices of the one-time mayor of San Francisco, James D. Phelan, later a senator, and whose tall building in downtown San Francisco still bears his name. Phelan was a philanthropist, one of a secret group of public-spirited citizens who helped finance the prosecution of the notorious Abraham Ruef, the city boss of the 1900-1906 era of corruption. Francis believed that Phelan would come to his aid.

Their meeting proved disastrous. Said Phelan to Francis: "Do you mean to sit there and tell me that I can talk from my own office to a person in another office on the opposite side of Market Street without wires?"

#### "QRM"

Francis replied affirmatively. The ex-mayor blew up. "Absolutely absurd," he said. "Those waves, or whatever you call them, would get fouled-up in all the street noises. If the man across the street could receive my waves, he would also get a lot of other waves from the horsecars and carriages, and everything else on the street. Why, he would never be able to make heads or tails out of anything I tried to say."

Phelan refused to invest in McCarty's invention. But there were others who, when approached, were not so skeptical. Among them were George Davis, John McCann, the Jack Crow family, and an attorney named L. Seidenberg. Together they founded the McCarty Wireless Telephone Company and issued 200,000 shares of capital stock with a par value of \$1 per share. Francis was awarded 100,000 shares, plus a controlling interest in the new company.

#### CHALLENGED BY THE PRESS

A brochure was prepared (copy published elsewhere), a stock prospectus released, and numerous public demonstrations of the wireless telephone were made. Then a rumor made the rounds among the newspaper reporters that the McCarty Wireless Telephone was a fake and a fraud on the public. Francis, who had always cooperated with the press, was deeply hurt when informed of the grapevine gossip. He issued an open challenge to the entire newspaper fraternity. He would stage a public demonstration for all of them under conditions of their choice, and at a place of their own selection at their own time.

The reporters rose to the challenge and specified a location at the Ocean Beach, asking McCarty to set up his equipment so that it would operate between the Cliff House and Cycler's Rest, as on an earlier occasion. But this time there would be certain stipulations.

The demonstration would be conducted under the rules laid down by the press, principal of which was a request by the reporters that they be permitted to dig deep trenches in the sandy soil around Cycler's Rest where the receiving apparatus was stationed. They wanted to make certain that no wires or cables had been run from the transmitting point to the receiver. The request seemed incredible to Francis, and he laughingly told them to dig as deeply as they desired. Of course, they found no cables or wires, and the go-ahead signal was given.



## The McCarty Wireless Telephone

Challenged by the Press (cont.)

A white flag, flying from a tall bamboo pole atop the Rest, would be the signal for Francis to begin talking. This time, the transmitter did not function as satisfactorily as before. The voice was unclear. It was intermixed with a sizzling, frying noise. It was barely distinguishable. But soon the difficulty was overcome, and music began pouring into the receiver. All of the familiar tunes were easily recognizable by the members of the press. "Auld Lang Syne," "In The Good Old Summer Time," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Holy City," and "Hiawatha," were the ones Francis played on his phonograph which was placed before the microphone. The large, old-fashioned wooden horn helped amplify the music and give it a pleasing tone.

### SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW HERO

The reporters were convinced. Francis J. McCarty became the city's news hero, and his name was written indelibly into the pages of history.

The next demonstration was made on the sales floor of the old Hale Bros. Department Store in downtown San Francisco. Shoppers, clerks, and the ever-present newspaper reporters crowded around the young inventor, plying him with an endless stream of questions.

Soon McCarty spoke into the microphone: "Hello, hello, this is the McCarty Wireless." Almost immediately the nearby telephone rang. "We heard it! We heard it!", shouted an excited caller.

The call came from a house on Broderick Street, about a mile distant, as the wireless waves fly. And again the newspapers acclaimed the feat.

But this time the success of the demonstration was exaggerated out of all proportion. People throughout the city actually believed that they need but lift the receiver from the hook of their telephone instrument—and hear a wireless voice. Francis pleaded with the press to help set straight these strange misconceptions.

Soon thereafter, the early McCarty transmitter, with a high-voltage spark activated by the movement of the microphone current through an induction coil, was discarded in favor of what was known as an "Arc" transmitter. This arc used carbon rods similar to those of the ordinary street-lighting system, and the voice was impressed upon the flame; it was then sent into the ether and ground, if such a crude explanation is sufficient here.

McCarty did not know that the Danish inventor, Valdimir Poulsen, was experimenting with an identical system in his native country. A lack of communication in those days prevented one from knowing what others were doing for months on end.

### NEW HORIZONS

Impressed with the success of his arc transmitter, Francis envisioned a new era on the horizon. He needed a complete new transmitter, with the arc as its heart. He had no funds, and his old backers refused to aid him further. He met a model-maker named Schnell, who agreed to build the model transmitter without remuneration.

Francis promised him a "piece of the company" in return for his effort—if and when success came. Schnell went further. He agreed to pay for the numerous resistors and controls essential for the cooling system of the arc, and to replace those originally adopted by Francis by which the arc was cooled by pouring buckets of water into a series of coils.

A new station was then set up on the 12th floor of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. Francis had now gone first-class.

Another station was put into operation in a little shack on 45th Avenue near Lawton Street in the howling sand dunes of the Sunset District. The wind from the ocean nearby was at times of such velocity as to pile huge drifts of sand against the building, making it necessary for the McCartys to shovel their way into and out of the wireless station house.

### EARTHQUAKE

A few months later, on April 18, 1906, at 5:12 a.m., the great earthquake and fire devastated a wide area of San Francisco. The St. Francis Hotel fell victim to the flames, but the little shack in the sand dunes was untouched. Francis had salvaged at least part of his apparatus.

Offices of the McCarty Wireless Telephone Company were moved to Oakland, directly across the bay from the ruined city, and here the young McCarty made his final effort to secure the finances needed to assure the success of his invention.

The Henshaw Brothers of Oakland were well-known, prosperous bankers. Francis appealed to them for aid. He drove the streets of Oakland in a two-wheeled horsecart, called a "Col-



1917. Ignatius H. McCarty (left), and George Parson of the U.S. Immigration Service, listen to signals from a distant wireless telephone station in San Francisco. Ignatius was his brother's successor in the McCarty Wireless Telephone Co. until America's entry into World War I, when the project was abandoned. Ignatius also served as an investigator for the U.S. Immigration Service, successfully breaking up the sordid traffic in Chinese slave girls.



\*ORIGINAL McCARTY WIRELESS TELEPHONE DISPLAYED

The original McCarty wireless telephone, invented in 1902 and demonstrated successfully in 1903, is shown here in the exhibit booth of the Society of Radio Pioneers at the Pacific Radio Exposition, August 28, 1925.

Ignatius H. McCarty is at the right; Radio Inspector Hoffman of Canada in center; Col. J. F. Dillon, U.S. Radio Supervisor, Sixth District, at left. Note signs on wall—member Ray Newby's Short Wave Set and late-member "Les" Grogan's "Pioneer Radio Men—Society of Radio Pioneers", placards.



\*AUTOMOBILE RADIO — 1921

Ignatius McCarty, chief engineer for International Radio Co. of San Francisco, equipped this Essex automobile with roof-top aerial, one of the first of its kind.

lector's Chariot", of the type commonly used by rent and bill collectors of that era. Francis mounted his cart, dressed in his best Sunday clothing, headed for the Henshaw establishment. His horse bolted. The wheels of the cart jumped the curbing. Francis was thrown out, headlong against an iron pole.

### TRAGEDY

The young inventor, only two weeks of being 18, lay on his deathbed in Providence Hospital in Oakland. His injuries were so serious as to preclude him from being moved across the Bay to San Francisco. He lived from Tuesday until Friday, conscious, but unable to speak because of fractured jaws. On the third day, shortly before his mother reached the hospital, he died.

### THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE PATENTS

Francis McCarty had developed a satisfactory, workable system of wireless telephony as early as 1902, but his patent,

No. C-14,540, Class 21a, was not issued until April 19, 1906—four years after he made his first demonstration—and, ironically, only one day following the great San Francisco earthquake and fire. McCarty was not the first person to put the human voice on the air, but he was among the first; in the west, however, he was the pioneer and for a number of years he had no rivals.

Valdimir Poulsen of Denmark applied for patent No. 5590 on December 15, 1902, and the claim was allowed in April, 1903. His American patent for an identical system of wireless telephony, by means of an arc, was applied for in 1903 and issued in 1905.

Still earlier experiments were conducted by A. F. Collins of New York, circa 1899-1900, who was able to communicate over a distance of about 60 meters with a spark-type wireless telephone transmitter. Reginald J. Fessenden was granted patent No. 706742 on a system of wireless telephony, and another patent on September 28, 1901, carrying the serial number 753863. The Fessenden patents were therefore issued before the date on which McCarty filed his claim.



# Wireless Hall of Fame



## Greenleaf Whittier Pickard

INTRODUCED CRYSTAL DETECTORS

BORN: February 14, 1877  
Portland, Me.

DIED AUG 1 1965  
NEWTON MASS

GREENLEAF WHITTIER PICKARD, electrical engineer and investigator of radio phenomena, was the grand-nephew of the poet John Greenleaf Whittier. Educated at Westbrook Seminary, Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he turned to radio in 1898 at Blue Hills Observatory, Milton, Massachusetts, under a grant from the Smithsonian Institution.

Pickard was actively engaged in experiments with crystal detectors, and as a member of the American Telephone and Telegraph engineering staff he assisted in development of a radiophone, demonstrated in the autumn of 1902. After 1906 he was associated with the Wireless Specialty Apparatus Company as consulting engineer until 1931.

He conducted numerous experiments to determine the effect of the sun and sunspots on radio. In his study of the polarization of radio waves, he contributed to development of the direction finder, and noted as early as 1908 that errors in reading radio "compasses" might be caused by buildings, trees and other objects which flip-flopped the waves, or through reflection "fooled" the direction finder. He was elected president of the Institute of Radio Engineers in 1913.

As early as 1903 Pickard became interested in the possibility of using minerals as detectors. He tried iron oxide and then magnetite, but it was not until 1906, when he obtained crystals of silicon—a product of the electric furnace—that he found a good detector. He also introduced the "perikon" detector, two metallic substances pressed against each other, red oxide of zinc and chalcopyrite. Iron pyrites also worked. The hunt for more sensitive detectors led to "detection" tests of all minerals. Galena proved to be the best although it lacked ruggedness and stability for commercial practice. The "cat whisker," a little fine wire which touched lightly the surface of the crystals, was easily jarred off the sensitive spot. The operator used a buzzer test; he occasionally pushed a button with his foot to determine whether or not the detector was still adjusted so he would hear a signal if it came along. Carborundum generally was used aboard ship because a carbon rod, or small brass cup holding a piece of carbon, pressed tightly against the sparkling crystal was not as easily upset by vibration.

Linked with the name Pickard in crystal detector development was that of General H. C. Dunwoody of the United States Army; he observed that carborundum could be used as a detector.

The function of the crystal is to change the incoming high-frequency impulses to low frequency to which the headphones will respond and produce sound within audible range of the ear. The crystal is a rectifier; it permits an electric current to flow through it in only one direction, completely checking the flow in the opposite direction. In fact, the crystal acts in the receiving circuit as a valve in a water pipe does, allowing the water to flow freely in one direction but preventing back-flow. Incidentally, that is why Fleming's first vacuum-tube detector was called a valve. The electron valve or tube, as it was later called, sent the crystal to the archives; but as a simple inexpensive device that boys could make for a few cents, the crystal played a noble role in the forward march of radio.

## GREENLEAF WHITTIER PICKARD

Recalling his early days in wireless, Pickard said:

My first active interest in communication without wires began in 1894-95 when I conducted experiments with a ground-plate or conduction system in a pond at Deering, Maine. In 1897, I made some short-range—about ¼ of a mile—experiments with a Hertzian oscillator energized from a Wimshurst machine, with a filings coherer for a receiver.

In 1898 I was engaged in taking measurements of atmospheric electricity at Blue Hills Observatory, Milton, Mass. At that time, the Smithsonian Institution became interested in radio and asked our observatory to undertake experiments with long, high aerials. Using kites, very long aerials were raised. We soon found that these long, high aerials could not be used with our coherer-receiver. They collected an enormous amount of static. Later we successfully transmitted over three miles from Blue Hills to Mt. Chickatawbut, using a flag-pole aerial for the transmitter and a 100-foot wire held up by a box kite at the receiver.

In the early part of 1899 we transmitted a few coherent messages from Blue Hills to Memorial Hall Tavern in Cambridge, a distance of 10.8 miles, using a carbon-steel microphone detector at Cambridge. Professor A. E. Dolbear of Tufts College became interested in our work and we conducted some experiments between Blue Hills and Tufts College. . . . In 1903-04, in my spare time, while working with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, I began experimenting with crystals for use as detectors of radio signals. Then, in the early part of 1907, after the introduction of my silicon detector, the Wireless Specialty Apparatus Company was incorporated to develop and sell my various inventions—crystal detectors, loop aerials, novel forms of tuners and an improved Leyden jar condenser.

With more than 100 patents to his credit, Pickard became consulting engineer of the Yankee Network in 1934, specializing in ultra-high frequencies and radio frequency modulation, popularly known as FM.



(Reproduced by courtesy of the Library of Congress)

## Mahlon Loomis

PIONEER IN AERIAL TELEGRAPHY

BORN: July 21, 1826  
Oppenheim, N. Y.

DIED: October 13, 1886  
Terra Alta, W. Va.

MAHLON LOOMIS, an American dentist, became an experimenter and pioneer in "aerial telegraphy." His family moved to Virginia in the forties, and in 1848 went to Cleveland, Ohio, where Mahlon studied dentistry, later to set up his own practice at Earlville, New York. On May 2, 1854, he patented a mineral-plate (kaolin) process for making artificial teeth. About 1860, electricity began to interest him; he tried forcing plant growth by buried metal plates connected to batteries.

His interest shifted from earth to sky for a study of electrical charges which could be obtained from the upper atmosphere by kites carrying metal wires. He wondered if natural "static" might be used to replace batteries. From that experiment he observed that a kite wire sent aloft in one region would effect the flow of electricity to the ground in another kite wire some distance away. As a result, in 1868 he demonstrated this type of "wireless" to scientists and members of Congress.



MAHLON LOOMIS

Loomis visualized an "aura" around the globe and termed it "the static sea." He drew pictures to show that he knew what he was talking about; wireless to him was no idle dream. His United States Patent No. 129,971, dated July 30, 1872, was titled "Improvement in Telegraphing." He sent signals in 1886 from Cohocton Mountain, Virginia, to Beorse Deer Mountain, fourteen miles apart, and later between ships two miles apart on Chesapeake Bay. The patent covered "aerial telegraphy employing an 'aerial' used to radiate or to receive the pulsations caused by producing a disturbance in the electrical equilibrium of the atmosphere," and as such is recorded as "the first patent for wireless telegraphy issued in the United States."

Congress, on May 21, 1872, listened to a long speech relative to the "Loomis Aerial Telegraph Bill" requesting an appropriation of \$50,000. The principle of operation of "aerial telegraphy" was described as follows:

... causing electrical vibrations or waves to pass around the world, as upon the surface of some quiet lake one wave circlet follows another from the point of the disturbance to the remotest shores, so that from any other mountain top upon the globe another conductor, which shall pierce this plane and receive the impressed vibration, may be connected to an indicator, which will mark the length and duration of each vibration; and indicate by any agreed system of notation, convertible into human language, the message of the operator at the point of the first disturbance.

The Washington *Chronicle* of Nov. 1, 1872, reported how Loomis conducted experiments with "kites covered with fine, light gauze of copper wire, held with a very fine string or tether of the same material, the lower end of which formed a good connection with the ground by laying the coil in a pool of water."

Loomis almost got the \$50,000 from Congress to develop his invention, but the idea was called "absurd."

It was said of Loomis that there could be no question of his inventiveness, for his brain teemed with ideas, some altogether practical, others eminently impractical. It is to be noted that although he produced sparks when he touched the kite wire to the ground, and sent out electric waves, he had no means of detecting them. There was no Branly coherer at that time. Loomis was ahead of his time; he died, it is said, heartbroken.



Adolph K. H. Slaby

FUNKENTELEGRAFIE OCCUPIED HIS MIND

BORN: April 18, 1849  
Berlin, Germany

DIED: April 6, 1913  
Charlottenburg, Germany

ADOLPH KARL HEINRICH SLABY, physicist, was known as "the German Marconi," because of his experiments in the field of wireless. He began his academic professional career in 1876 at the Berlin Trade Academy, having been a student at the Royal Trade School in Potsdam. In 1882 he was appointed professor of electrotechnics, and in 1884 director of the electrotechnical laboratory of the Technical High School at Charlottenburg; in 1892, he attained distinction as honorary professor on the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Berlin. His scientific investigations in the early nineties were related to thermodynamics, motors and gas engines.

Hertz's electromagnetic wave experiments naturally attracted a man of Slaby's aptitude for science into "spark communication." Try as he might he could not make the electric waves go beyond the limits of the Charlottenburg high school. When he read that Marconi had been able to exceed his maximum range of 100 meters, he hurried to England to discover how the Italian had solved the problem that baffled him. He arrived in time to witness Marconi's demonstrations on May 14, 1897, between Lavernock Point and Breen Down, a distance of eight miles.

ADOLPH K. H. SLABY

Enthusiastic about what he had heard and seen Slaby returned to Berlin with hopes of duplicating Marconi's performance and of improving upon it if possible. Interest in wireless was running high in Germany, and on August 27, Slaby reported on his trip to England as part of a lecture on wireless telegraphy which he delivered at the Sailors' Home at Potsdam, with Kaiser Wilhelm and the king of Spain in the audience. To reveal the practical development of wireless, in October he sent wireless messages between a church and the marine station at Potsdam, and shortly after between Peacock Island and Potsdam. Using captive balloons to hold the aerial aloft more than 800 feet he increased the range of his apparatus and communicated across 21 kilometers. He used the Branly coherer as the detector. Making a direct contribution to the art, he introduced resonant coils, known as "Slaby rods," for measuring wavelengths, and they were of use in the early days before the more accurate wavemeter was developed.

Professor Slaby as author of an article, "The New Telegraphy," in the *Century Magazine*, April, 1898, said:

In January, 1897, when the news of Marconi's first successes ran through the newspapers, I myself was earnestly occupied with similar problems. I had not been able to telegraph more than 100 meters through the air. It was at once clear to me that Marconi must have added something else—something new to what was already known, whereby he had been able to attain wavelengths measured by kilometers. I traveled to England, and in truth what I saw there was something quite new.

Marconi had made a discovery. He was working with means the entire meaning of which no one before him had recognized. Only in that way can we explain the secret of his success. In the English professional journals an attempt has been made to deny novelty to the method of Marconi. It was urged that the production of Hertz rays, their radiation through space, the construction of his electrical eye—all this was known before. True; all this had been known to me also, and yet I was never able to exceed one hundred meters.

In the first place, Marconi has worked out a clever arrangement for the apparatus which by the use of the simplest means produces a sure technical result. Then he has shown that such telegraphy (writing from afar) was to be made possible only through, on the one hand, earth connection between the apparatus and on the other, the use of long extended upright wires. By this simple yet extraordinarily effective method he raised the power of radiation in the electric forces a hundredfold.

Considerable rivalry developed between Marconi and Slaby, the latter taking out German patents to cover the invention of wireless, although Marconi had been granted German patents a year earlier. Slaby, however, claimed to have modified Marconi's antenna system. In collaboration with Graf George von Arco,<sup>1</sup> his assistant at Charlottenburg, he developed the Slaby-Arco system, which in 1903 was amalgamated with the Braun and the Siemens-Halske systems, thus forming the German national system known as Telefunken.

In the history of wireless, Slaby's activity may be summed up about as follows:

Funkentelegraphie owes no great discovery to him, yet he rendered pioneer service well worthwhile, in that he brought to the public view this new means of communication, by his lectures and his experiments, in such a way that he popularized it. He helped to put Germany on the wireless map.

He was one of the first to give a technically correct explanation of the creation of oscillations in the sending and receiving antenna, and was one of the first to measure wavelengths. As a result, he was able to aid in solving the problem of tuned oscillatory circuits. . . . Not only Count Arco but all German engineers of the early days of spark telegraphy were students at his school, and as a result of the stimulation which he gave to the art the Allgemeine Electricitäts Gesellschaft, the first Continental factory for wireless apparatus was organized.

As a teacher and investigator of wireless, Slaby was a pioneer, but the irresistible speed at which the art progressed quickly outmoded all of his developments.

<sup>1</sup> George Wilhelm Alexander Hans von Arco was born August 30, 1869, in Grossgörschütz, near Ratibor; died May 7, 1940, in Berlin. In 1903, he was appointed manager of Gesellschaft für Drahtlose Telegraphie. In 1906, he telephoned by wireless over 21 miles, and in 1912 his high-frequency apparatus was exhibited at the International Radiotelegraphic Conference, London. Von Arco's inventions in the field of wireless involved Siemens and Halske and the German General Electric Company in long litigation until the dispute was settled by intervention of Kaiser Wilhelm. That led to formation of the Telefunken Gesellschaft, which merged various German wireless companies; von Arco was appointed chief engineer.





REPRINTED FROM "CQ" PUBLISHED FROM 1931 TO 1933

# "CQ"

DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO THE INTERESTS OF  
COMMERCIAL RADIO OPERATORS

CQ is published monthly by a group of commercial radio operators and is the only publication OF, BY and FOR licensed radio operators.

M. R. RATHBORNE, Jr.  
Editor

C. E. DUNCAN  
Business Editor

Vol. I March, 1931 No. 1

Editorial License will be taken to reprint some of the stories and material which appeared in a magazine called "CQ" which published its first issue in March 1931.

The first issue of "CQ" was edited by Mr. Mervyn R. Rathborne, Jr. The publication started as a Magazine for Commercial Radio Operators, as the masthead proclaimed. Early issues were interesting and quite a few well known names in the radio fraternity contributed articles to this new voice OF, BY & FOR the licensed radio operator.

Among the names found in early issues are those of: Dr. Lee de Forest, Albert Woody, Ronald G. Martin (KUP), Walter Chandler, Lew Todd, Howard Pyle, Bill Breniman, "Doc" Cramer, Volney G. Mathison, Gilson V. Willets (Radio Rex), E. H. Rietzke, Willard Bliss and many others.

By November 1931 the magazine had gained quite a following and at that time the "COMMERCIAL RADIOMENS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION" was formed, sponsored by Mr. Rathborne. Dr. Lee deForest became the "Honorary" President of the new organization.

There was a skip in publishing from Vol. 1, No. 10 (Dec. 1931) until No. 11 which appeared as the March April 1932 edition. James J. Delaney became the Associate Editor with office in New York. It was noted that Mr. Delaney had become Editor with Vol. 2 No. 3 and retained this office until Vol. III No. 2 was issued (last we have record of). It is also noted that when Mr. Delaney became editor, The Magazine "CQ" became the 'voice' of the American Radio Telegrapher's Association, Inc. The name of their publication seems to have become "COMMERCIAL RADIO" with "CQ" in small letters.

It should be noted parenthetically that "CQ - THE RADIO AMATEUR'S JOURNAL" published today at Port Washington, Long Island had no connection with its earlier namesake.

Shortly after the "early" CQ magazine was established by Rathborne, he solicited Ye Ed to furnish a monthly feature under the title ... "THE ROCK - CRUSHER" sort of a 'throw back' to early days when our straight and rotary sparks literally blasted us out of our quarters. We thought our members might like to read a few of these articles, now crusted with 45 years or so of salt spray. We will of course publish Dr. Lee deForest's series which to our knowledge has never been republished and is replete with historical lore and facts, mostly about the early operators. Of all the men we have ever known, we still feel that Dr. deForest was one of the most democratic we have ever met. He took a personal interest in those who worked for him, looking out for their welfare and was concerned every aspect of their association. He was "The Father of Radio" in more ways than one. Those who worked for him felt this common bond, in fact there is an organization .... DeForest Pioneers, Inc. of which SOWP Member Kenneth Richardson is Director and Editor (Newsletter) formed to honor this great man. Membership includes those who have been associated with Dr. deForest in early days. If interested and have worked for or with Dr. deForest, drop Ken a line. His address: 254 Vincent Ave., Lynbrook, NY 11563.

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Thanks to members Bob Ennis, Al Burnette, Charles Seibold, Harry Wells, Fred Elser and others for their donated copies of "CQ" for the SOWP Library.

## THE ROCK CRUSHER

Ground by William A. (Bill) Breniman

(Editor's Note: Operators who remember the "Brasspounder's Department" published in Radio a few years ago will need no introduction to Bill Breniman, who is unquestionably one of the best known and most popular members of the fraternity of Old-Time Seagoing Brasspounders. We are pleased to announce that Bill has consented to edit this new department, in which he will be permitted to express his ideas and views on the whys and wherefores of radio operating and operators with absolute freedom, even though his opinions may not agree with those held by the Editor.)

Well, all I know is what I read in the paper and hear operators squawking about—Guess I'll have to apologize to my friend Mr. Will Rogers for stealing his thunder but you see since the editor has asked me to take over this page, I haven't decided whether to turn "Columnist" or turn my department into a battleground for the "intellects."

Most operators do most of their seagoing and radio operating ashore or in the static-rooms and when they shove-off to sea they start farming. More gardens and chickens have been raised at sea than ever grew ashore—which all goes to prove that your editor has attuned his brains to the fine vibrations of intelligence when he picked on yours truly as a committee of one to discourse on things nautical—especially since I am about a thousand miles now from any man's ocean.

Well be that as it may—I think we have reason to be thankful that we at last have a publication that is dedicated in perpetuity to the service of the operator and the operating profession, that our worthy cause shall not lack a champion and that evil influences against the standing of the craft shall not thrive unopposed.

The Editor has kindly given me free range to convey thoughts and ideas as I see them even though they may not agree with those of the editorial staff—that is what makes it interesting—I have always felt it better to start a man thinking even though he disagrees with me. Before deciding where we go from here—we must first find out where we are and that can only be accomplished by an exchange of ideas.

Ideas are one thing this publication needs—aside from the natural desire of us all to improve our standing and conditions—good constructive articles and ideas that are helpful and will benefit us all—along most every line, useful to the operators should be most welcome. If we swap dol-

lars we both still have a dollar, but if we trade ideas we will both have two ideas—enriching us both.

Following the lines of least resistance never landed anyone in a soft spot. I think this is the trouble with the radio profession in general. Too many take up radio, not as a means of making a living, but a means to an end, and that end is the highly colored picture of travel, adventure and life of ease pictured by entirely too many radio schools. It appeals to the imagination as nothing else would. Utopia for a life of ease is supposed to be the life of a marine radio operator.

It is my belief that the duties of a radio operator and that of purser or freight-clerk should be welded into one position with exception of passenger ships where they could not both be looked after by one office. With the railroads the position of telegrapher and station agent is generally combined into one good job. There are quite a number of schools throughout the country teaching railway telegraphy and they always teach the station agents work in conjunction. It might also be said that they are also quite well paid, better than commercial Western Union or Postal operators, as an average.

By combining the two positions the operators should receive more pay. They would not be imposed upon because they would be paid to do this work. I also believe it would also be the avenue to better positions. The Steamship Company has nothing much in common with the ordinary radio operator, but a man who understands the paper work of the steamship company and fits in more with the organization would be considered for higher positions. The office of Operator-Purser, or Operator-Clerk on the ship would also command a little higher prestige. It is my idea that schools should include a course in paper work for pursers or freight-clerk for the operators when they go through these institutions of learning. The main trouble I might guess is that they do not know the work themselves and are not qualified to teach it.

From my observation, radio operators as a class are more proficient with the typewriter and as a general rule have had more education than most of the men who go to sea as pursers or freight clerks. There is no valid reason why they can not do this and make the extra money.

Dependability is one thing that is necessary for this position together with good judgment. We have many good men in the profession who certainly could qualify; however, we will have to admit that there are a good many young men in the profession who are really too young to exercise sound judgment that this office requires. These men could start in on the smaller ships as "watchers" on a third or fourth class license and as their experience qualifies, they can be promoted and become eligible for higher licenses.

Ho-Hum:

See where my friend Mr. Farmer took several "pot-shots" at the balloon operated by the Air Transport Companies. Hope he did not get tangled up in the wreckage. My friend Farmer has sailed on many ships on many oceans and knows his "onions."

Did you ever notice the method used by some of the Big Companies in promoting their personnel? Well, when a man has been in a certain position so long, such as Marine Manager we will say, he is promoted to Marine Supt. The next step is Thirty-second Vice-President in charge of Marine Operators, etc., etc., all at the same rate of pay—that works on the ego. Tsk, tsk me boy, tsk, tsk.

Note my old friend Howard S. Pyle, Lieut. (J.G.) in the U.S.N.R., former editor of a radio publication for operators and a real oldtimer in the radio game is "bally-hooing" for the Naval Communication Reserve. This service is a mighty good thing and deserves the further consideration of every radio man.

### POSTSCRIPT

When I started this column for "CQ" I had migrated shoreside and had just put in the C.A.A. Station at Big Spring Texas on the Southern Transcontinental Route where I was OIC.

Correct current rates of all British Columbian coast stations are as follows:

Messages from deep-sea vessels (to be transmitted without any prefix): 10 cents (52 cts) per word.

Messages from vessels regularly engaged in the coastwise trade (use prefix "C"): 6 cents (31 cts) per word.

The correct place to put the prefix "C" is in the check, such as 18 C, the word "Radio" not being required.

The old SB rate of 5 cents (26 cts) per word has been abolished. This rate restricted ships business messages to plain language, whereas "C" and full rate allow the use of code and cypher. Coasting vessels should be sure to transmit the prefix "C" in order to obtain the lower rate.

## "WHEN IN ROME—"

By J. E. Kitchin

From much reading of the radio school advertisements everybody knows that Operators go to sea to enjoy themselves, and not for the vulgar purpose of earning a living. The \$200 per month (more or less) salary, not including board and room, is merely a side issue. (So is the Old Man's clerical work, but let us not cast any light upon that.) Therefore, to further the enjoyment, it is suggested that correspondence schools include in their radio courses (as a bonus to students finishing in two months) a study of foreign languages.

After many years of intensive research, in which his round-the-world trips on a Dollar vessel came in handy, the writer has produced a short course of instruction that may well prove useful to those who already have their first-class certificates. Chief operators should hide it from their good-looking juniors. We take great pleasure in reproducing the language course below and hope you will find occasion to refer to it frequently. The writer is indebted to a great many ladies for their kind assistance.

- Russia—Ja vas loubblou.
- Japan—Watakuzi wa suki anata wo.
- China—Que hi houan ni men.
- Annam—Tol chu' o' na cac anh.
- Cambodia—Khnhom sreianh peakh.
- Malay—Sahya suka kamu.
- Hindu—Main belta tum.
- Persia—Doust darem chumara.
- Egypt—Ana nehabb koun.
- Turkey—Seveyoroum elzi.
- Yiddish—Ich lieb der.
- Greece—Say aghapo.
- Roumania—Cu iubes pe tine.
- Italy—Io t'amo.
- France—Je t'aime.
- Spain—Yo amo usted.
- Portugal—Eu te amo.
- Holland—Ik maak du.
- Denmark—Jeg elsker dej.
- Poland—Ja kocham was.
- Germany—Ich liebe dich.
- Sweden—Jag alskar dig.

The English equivalent of all the above, as you may have guessed by this time, is "I love you."

## ALONG THE B. C. COAST—

By J. E. KITCHIN, VAF

It is noted that some Operators are still using the prefix "SB" on messages routed via Canadian Government Stations. Still other vessels transmit "SB" when it has a private meaning for their own company (such as the old "Shipping Board" use), and which has no bearing on the Canadian coast station charge.



# "CQ" A MAGAZINE FOR 'PROFESSIONAL' RADIO OPERATORS

## Brasspounding with Lindbergh

By William W. Ehmer, Flight Operator, Pan-American Airways

(Editor's Note.—We are certainly fortunate in being able to present a commercial operator's account of Colonel Lindbergh's recent flight to Central and South America. Radio at sea and ashore may have lost its glamour and become routine, but adventure and excitement still attend the operator aloft, especially if he is as lucky as to fly uncharted skyways with "WE.")

Omitting the aeronautical details of Colonel Lindbergh's flight through Central and South America, these having been well covered by newspapers and the Saturday Evening Post, there are still to be told some points of particular interest to commercial operators.

This trip was Lindy's first experience in carrying a regular commercial radio operator, and he seemed quite satisfied with the results obtained.

The flight was made in a Sikorsky S-38 plane, having a standard Panair radio installation. The first leg of the flight was made to inaugurate airmail service to various points between San Juan and the little Dutch colony of Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana. Due to a heavy load of mail we could carry no newspaper man, so the duty of composing and shooting spot news fell to me. The volume of press handled was enormous, and all of it had to be sent while we were in flight, because at the last minute it was decided to use a new ship, the NC 142 M, due to the fact she had brakes. No one noted that she had no wing antenna, standard equipment with all seaplanes, which permits them to communicate from the surface of the water after landing. To me the trip was an almost constant stream of press.

As we circled towns a running synopsis of crowds and conditions would be shot to Miami, then we would reel in and land, drop the mail and take off, continuing the story as we left. The trip took four weeks and one could almost be on the flight by reading the daily papers.

In addition to the press, a continuous stream of weather data was dispatched to the plane from local stations along the route, plus half hourly reports to our Operations Department. The perfection with which the flight was worked out can be illustrated by one incident. From Barranquilla to Cristobal we encountered strong head winds, and were a bit behind schedule. A large crowd was waiting at France Field to greet the Colonel, when a heavy tropical shower started. Simultaneously, however, our message came through advising our delayed arrival. The Operations Manager announced the news to the

crowd, most of whom went back to town to await the arrival under more favorable circumstances, returning to the field in time to welcome Lindy, who true to form, landed at exactly the specified time.

Much credit is due operators Frank Hill and Penny, at United Fruit Station, at Santa Marta, Colombia, for the snappy way they cleared the large volume of press and company messages. In acknowledgment of this excellent work, the Colonel diverged from his course long enough to circle Santa Marta three times, and allow the Fruit Company personnel the opportunity of seeing his plane. Credit is also due the Navy boys at Balboa, who did splendid work. The crew at Tropical Radio, Managua—S. M. Craigie and Pop Rudder—also did their share, and are still doing it, according to reports from the earthquake area.

From Belize, British Honduras, we left for an exploration tour of the ancient Maya ruins in Yucatan, Dr. Kidder of the Carnegie Institute aboard. Men have spent months in that jungle without covering a fraction of the territory we viewed in three days. When ruins were sighted, we would circle and take notes of locations and possible approaches for the use of ground crews of explorers. Simultaneously, the news was being relayed to the outside world. At one place we landed on a small lake, to look over some apparent ruins. Immediately after anchoring, the rubber boat was pumped up and the Colonel held my antenna up a few feet off the water while I sent in the "safe landing."

An interesting incident occurred while we were en route to Maracay, Venezuela. The Colonel decided to fly over Caracas, the capital, and for reasons of courtesy decided to ask permission from General Gomez, dictator of the republic. The message was sent to Santa Rita Radio, and a few minutes later we had Gomez' answer, giving Lindbergh carte blanche to fly wherever he wished in the country. General Gomez was greatly surprised to have received a message from the plane through his own station, and the matter was given much publicity in the local paper. The boys at Santa Rita were certainly on the job to get that message.

Colonel Lindbergh is one of the most genial skippers with whom I have ever sailed. With all his fame, he is just a darn-good fellow. Undoubtedly, he is the best known man in the world—we proved it. During the Maya flight, we made an unscheduled stop at a small Indian river village near the British Honduran border. It was the sort of place one would expect to find in the middle of a jungle, possibly two dozen shacks—no mail, no telephone, nor telegraph. No newspapers reach there save years late, and by accident. Our landing caused great commotion, and a few of the more venturesome inhabitants came out to see what we wanted. In the leading canoe was a man staring intently at us, as Lindy and I put over the anchor. In a few seconds he excitedly shouted to his followers that the visitor was "Leenborg," and for five minutes the air resounded with "Viva el Colonel Leenborg." Every person in town came out to the plane. Those who had no boats swam out. His popularity with those Indians was not to be questioned and he went away even more popular than he was on arrival. The big question is, how had those simple people ever heard of him, and how could they have recognized him?

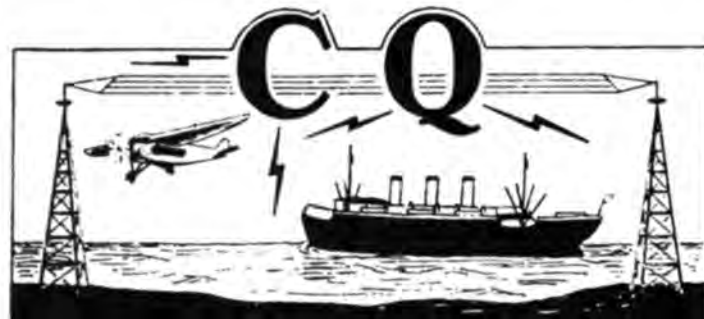
The radio equipment used for this trip was a standard panair 10-watt MOPA, with a range from 32 up to 800 meters, which "kicks out" beyond one's expectations for such low power. In a plane one cannot carry the power he would like to have. To the best of my knowledge, more words of traffic were handled on this flight for the time consumed, than on any other flight ever made, not excluding the flight of the Graf Zep. And ten watts handled it.

Colonel Lindbergh decided that radio aboard aircraft is not only practical, but well worth its weight aboard, as a factor in increasing safety. In a radiogram to E. F. Bourne, Panair Communication Manager, shortly before we arrived in Miami, he said that communication was 100 per cent efficient throughout the entire flight. I believe the Colonel is sold on radio.

### MAYBE THEY WERE SEASICK—

Sailors in training at the Naval base in San Diego, California, submitted puzzling answers to a list of questions given them in an examination, according to an International News Service item. The strange answers follow:

- Capstan—A commanding officer.
  - Compass—Small stove.
  - Scupper—A utensil used for drinking; hence the expression, "a scupper coffee."
  - Hatch—A box where eggs are kept.
  - Halyards—A nautical name for limply inclined sailors.
  - Binnacle—A bivalve that fastens on the bottom.
  - Sextant—One who officiates at funerals at sea.
  - Tiller—Officer in charge of the payroll, sometimes called the paying tiller.
  - Tack—To handle the boat diplomatically.
- "They've got salt water on the brain," was given as the cause for the replies.



A Magazine OF, BY and FOR Commercial Radio Operators and Technicians

## SALT WATER VERSE

### I'm Going To Sea Again

I have looked for my fun and I've found it,  
From Eastport clear down to the line,  
Though I've snapped off a hundred dull babies,  
Only four of the lot were real fine.

One was an angel from Mobile,  
One was a savage from Brest,  
And one was a golden skinned Chino,  
But the last one I met was the best.

I'm not much of a hand with the ladies,  
Far from a shiek I'll admit,  
But in most every clime, I've had a good time,  
Though I usually paid well for it.

I quitted a Shipping Board tanker  
In Mobile the day of the strike,  
And grabbed off a staid rebel fopper,  
For beauty I'd not seen the like.

High-brow and haughty but generous,  
Almost a Dutchess she were,  
But she ditched me at last, when she learned of  
My past,  
And I learned about women from her.

Then I signed on an Isthmian Madhouse,  
With rails for the port of Hongkong,  
And I got me an amber skinned heathen,  
You can get them out there for a song.

Fragile and gentle and dainty,  
Doll in a leacup she were,  
But I woke up one day, and gone was my pay,  
And I learned about women from her.

Then I returned to the East Coast,  
And made a short trip to that France,  
Where I spotted this "come get me savage"  
And decided to take one more chance.

Dark hair'd, brown eyed with red lips,  
More like a hop dream she were,  
But though quite a dear, her habits were queer,  
And I learned about women from her.

Then I shipped on a Shepard Line freighter,  
From New York to Port Aberdeen,  
Where I met the last pretty lady,  
The snappiest ever I've seen.

Torrid, restless and thirsty,  
A judge of good whiskey she were,  
So I'll make one more trip, in any old ship,  
To find out some more about her.

### THE NIGHT OPERATOR

Kind of a lonesome, kind of a humdrum, kind  
Of a routine job,  
Pounding my key in the dead of night when  
Most of the working mob  
Are snug at home in their comfy beds, or out  
For a bit of play,  
For I begin when others quit and quit when  
They start the day.

It's lively enough when I go on watch, as the  
People are sending and receiving greetings  
From home,  
But as darkness falls and the stars come out  
Up there in the blue-dark dome,  
And the steady beat of the city's pulse dies  
Down to a softer throb,  
It's kind of a lonesome, kind of a quiet, kind  
Of a humdrum job.

Then after the theater and dance crowds go  
Home and the wee small hours begin  
I reckon the owl in the woods and I are sort  
Of kin,  
For the air grows empty as any woods and  
The silence almost as deep,  
So the owl and I are lonely birds who work  
While the world's asleep.

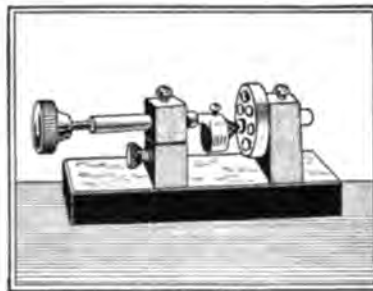
I talk on the phone sometimes or make an  
Entry in the log now and then,  
Or watch one of the boats departing—then  
Back to my instruments again,  
Till the miller's wagons begin to show in  
The early morning light,  
And I know that soon I can hit for home and  
Call it another night.

It's not such a wonderful job, but it isn't so  
Lud, no sir,  
Though there's always the chance of an SOS  
And listening to distress sigs that are  
Just a faint blur,  
Still there's the thrill of being in touch with  
Faraway places—right on the end of my  
Key,  
It's kind of a lonesome, kind of quiet, but I'm  
Ashore and I think of the Op's at sea.

I love the smell from the battery-room—  
When I test them to see if any have gone  
Dead,  
I love the glow from the tube rack—when  
The filaments are being fed,  
And the whirr from the power room where  
The generators hum and buzz,  
Doing their work throughout the night—  
Same as an operator does.

So now and then there's the thought I get  
Way back in my grizzled knob,  
That there is a sort of poetry that goes with  
My lone-me job;  
For though I'm one of the workers that you  
Probably never see,  
I'm thinking your sleep is a lot more sound  
Because of the men like me.

—RAY D. OWE  
(Revised with apologies to Bert Braley in  
"The Night Watchman.")



A Perikon detector.

## BREAKS

by THE SKIPPER

### PERSONAL ITEMS

KPH's enviable reputation for clean-cut, snappy and efficient operating is now being maintained by Frank Geisel, chief; Wayne Helfer, George Wood, O. Antrim and Operator Brockway. The mail address of these operators is: General Delivery, Marshall, California.

At the KOK receiving station, Lindley Winsor, chief; Ben C. Springer, W. M. McGeorge and F. E. Beaulieu (relief operator), keep the Morse and two radio circuits hot. KOK is located at 1855 Reposal Street, Los Angeles.

J. E. Kitchin, operator at the government radio station at Alert Bay, British Columbia, is the first Canadian to subscribe to CQ.

Also Sidney Peters, Dick Johnstone, Gerald Whitaker and Oscar E. Darling, all oldtimers for whom inquiries have been made.

The Alpine Hotel in San Francisco still continues to be the hangout of operators on the beach. This hostelry is now crowded with paying (???) guests.

The address of KFS is: Mackay Radio Station, KFS, Alexander and Crocker Streets, Daly City, Calif. At present Ray Farrell is in charge, assisted by the following: Wm. Blake, Jr., second; Operator Kent, third; James Chambers, SW opr.; Operator Cady, SW. The point-to-point service is in charge of J. O. Watkins, engineer, assisted by Lloyd Pilgrim, John Oldaker (late of KNN), and James Ball.

Where is William A. Breniman, formerly of KOZC, who used to contribute those splendid articles on marine operating to the operators' section of Radio?

Oldtimers should remember George Sturley, commercial since January, 1916, who is now at KGW, Portland.

Then there is Sydnor K. Balcomb, the second man to be employed as a radio operator on the Pacific Coast; he has been pounding brass continuously for nearly nineteen years. Operators desiring to get in touch with him may do so through CQ.

The staff on the "Leviathan" now includes Stanley Young, chief; Al Jackson, asst. chief; and watch operators Von Thun, "Pop" Locher and John F. Smith, Jr., (formerly of WCC).

Yes, GCK still uses a rock crusher, so does GLD. The QRM in the English Channel is unbelievable. GKK, GNF and GNI have recently replaced their sparks with CW.

Karl K. W. Baarslag of the Yacht Chalena has returned to America and is now awaiting another assignment. During his stay in Rotterdam Mr. Baarslag made the acquaintance of officials of the Dutch Operators' Association. He gives us some interesting information in this issue.

William Vogel had a short stay at WSL having received his "notice" from Mr. Lee, manager of the station at Southampton, before ever taking a watch. The Mackay Company, however, sent him out on the City of Newport News and everybody is satisfied. Bill must acquire that Mackay spirit before he is eligible for WSL service.

Irvine Finver relieved Mickey Bamberg in the Yorba Linda. Mickey need d more time ashore. He was recently married if you remember.

"Bill" Vogel of the "Prexy Harding" kept hearing short-wave signals that had gone around the world two and three times so he made an "echo suppressor," connected it to the receiver and found that only "square dots" would come through. Send me the dope on that gadget, Bill; I can make a fortune by installing one on each of our famous West Coast steam-schooners. I know several skippers who would pay a bonus to radio operators who can make dots look like two-by-fours.



### "BREMEN" HANDLES 50,000

#### WORDS IN ONE TRIP

(The following information relative to the radio equipment aboard the steamship "Bremen" is taken from recent issues of "Die Funkwelle," organ of the German radio operators' association. Translated by the kindness of Mr. Earl Hope, member of the Electrical Communication Workers of Canada.—Ed.)

Transmitting equipment consists of one 3 kw. set for long waves; one 1/4 kw. set for low waves; two 1/4 kw. short wave transmitters and one auxiliary ICW transmitter. The receiving installation comprises nine receivers.

All the transmitters are fitted with special sending machines, capable of speeds up to 150 words per minute. Almost constant communication is maintained with Norddeich on the German coast and Chatham on the North American coast. It is possible to transmit both on long and short wave at the same time, making simultaneous communication with Germany and America a practical accomplishment. Weather reports and press can be received without interruption from the transmitters. The staff comprises nine operators; three to a watch. Before arriving at New York, the work is increased so much that four or five operators must be on duty at the same time, so as to clear traffic.

On a representative voyage the vessel handled 1725 messages, containing 50,000 words, exclusive of press and weather reports. Two hundred and seventy messages were transmitted to New York during the last five hours of the trip.

Another news item culled from a recent issue of "Die Funkwelle," by Mr. Hope, concerns the Arctic flight undertaken last summer by the airship "Graf Zeppelin." It says:

"The main task of this air expedition was to study the weather conditions in the Arctic and also to learn whether it was possible to post observers in the Arctic regions and remove them by means of airships. It is hoped in this way to establish weather stations in the north polar regions, as in weather forecasting it is particularly necessary to know of atmospheric disturbances in the neighbourhood of the poles. The "Graf Zeppelin" flew over large areas of hitherto unexplored territory and existing maps have been considerably enriched in consequence."





# SALTWATER BOOKSHELF

## "NOSTALGIC REMINISCENCES OF A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR"



SOWP "Charter Member" Wm.G.Gerlach S-SGP-104 Author

## Book Reviews

BOOK REVIEW

BY - Oney Johnson

COLLECTORS ITEM -

The way the story goes - one day there was a terrific disturbance at the Gates of Heaven and the Lord asked St. Peter what the ruckus was all about. So St. Peter told the Lord there was a telegraph operator with a ticket to the other place trying to get into Heaven. "Well", said the Lord, "if he's a telegraph operator let him in - he won't stay long!"

A compact book by William G. Gerlach: "Nostalgic Reminiscences of a Telegraph Operator" rather brings that story to mind in his account of the various telegraph offices and shipboard radio stations he had served in during the very early days of this century. It is a fascinating tale for both journeymen American Morse telegraphers and Continental Morse radio operators; and especially for those of the trade who worked the wire circuits as well as the wireless circuits, told by one who was a journeyman in both trades.

Beginning in earnest with the April 18, 1906 earthquake in San Francisco, the account traces the career of the author in both trades; shore-side and afloat, in getting the message through to its destination. In this sophisticated communications age, when skilled machines have replaced the operator, the "Certificate of Skill" of a licensed radio operator has meaning. The men had the skill; the equipment was unskilled, rudimentary and often broken down. That they got the message through at all is tribute to their dedication to their trade.

Like the wail of a steam locomotive whistling for the crossing or the smoke of a ship hull-down on the horizon - the book brings back the real flavor of the past.

Vantage Press, Inc. 516 West 34th St.  
New York, NY 10001 \$4.95



### AMERICAN & SOVIET MILITARY TRENDS

--- Since the Cuban Missile Crisis  
By John M. Collins

Georgetown University Press, 1800 K St. NW  
P.O. Box 32367, Washington, D.C. 20007

This is a departure in our book reviews but we think the subject merits the attention of every concerned person. This soft-bound edition of nearly 500 pages is a definitive study of U.S. - Soviet military balances.

It is perhaps the most comprehensive and authoritative assessment ever made available with maps, charts, graphs, statistics plus a glossary needed to explain the meaning of new abbreviations and their usage. Nicknames of selected weapons systems; The Salt-ABM Treaty signed in 1972; Articles of the North Atlantic Treaty signed in 1949 and other treaties in which the United States has a special interest are quoted.

The Author is Senior Specialist in National Defense at the Congressional Research Service. Published 1978. Price is \$6.95

## SHIPS OF THE GREAT LAKES



## GREAT LAKES "GUIDE" BOOK

Many books have been written about the Great Lakes and the ships that sailed these 'waters' for over three hundred years.

We think the two books mentioned below are a 'cut above' the average run of books both in interest and coverage of the subject. Our readers, especially Great Lake 'Buffs' will thoroughly enjoy them...even "salt Water sailers" will find them completely absorbing.

### SHIPS OF THE GREAT LAKES

"Ships of the Great Lakes", by James P. Barry, covers 300 years of history in the navigation of the Great Lakes - from the bark canoe of the Indian and the bateau of the French, through the sloops and schooners of the French and the English to the 1000 foot long ore-carriers of today - in a masterly work by Barry. 228 drawings and photographs illustrate the book, covering all of the various kinds of cargo carriers and passenger vessels that plied the Inland Seas; with yarns about their adventurous service life. Name most any hull, and it is mentioned or pictured.

Publisher: Howell-North Books, 1050 Parker St. Berkeley CA 94710. \$10.00 Published 11/1/73.

### THE GREAT LAKES GUIDE BOOK VOL. 1.

"The Great Lakes Guidebook, Vol. 1", by George Cantor, is a good companion-piece to the Barry work for anyone touring Lake Ontario or Lake Erie - as it ties the historic past to the present and pin-points the "things to see", many of which are mentioned in the book by Barry. The harbors, and forts that guarded the harbors, and museums that collected and saved all the items pertaining to this 300 year period of development are detailed in full. Don't tour the Lakes without these "maps".

Publisher: University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48109. \$5.95 Published 3/31/78. Vols. 2 & 3 to come.

Reviews by Oney Johnson



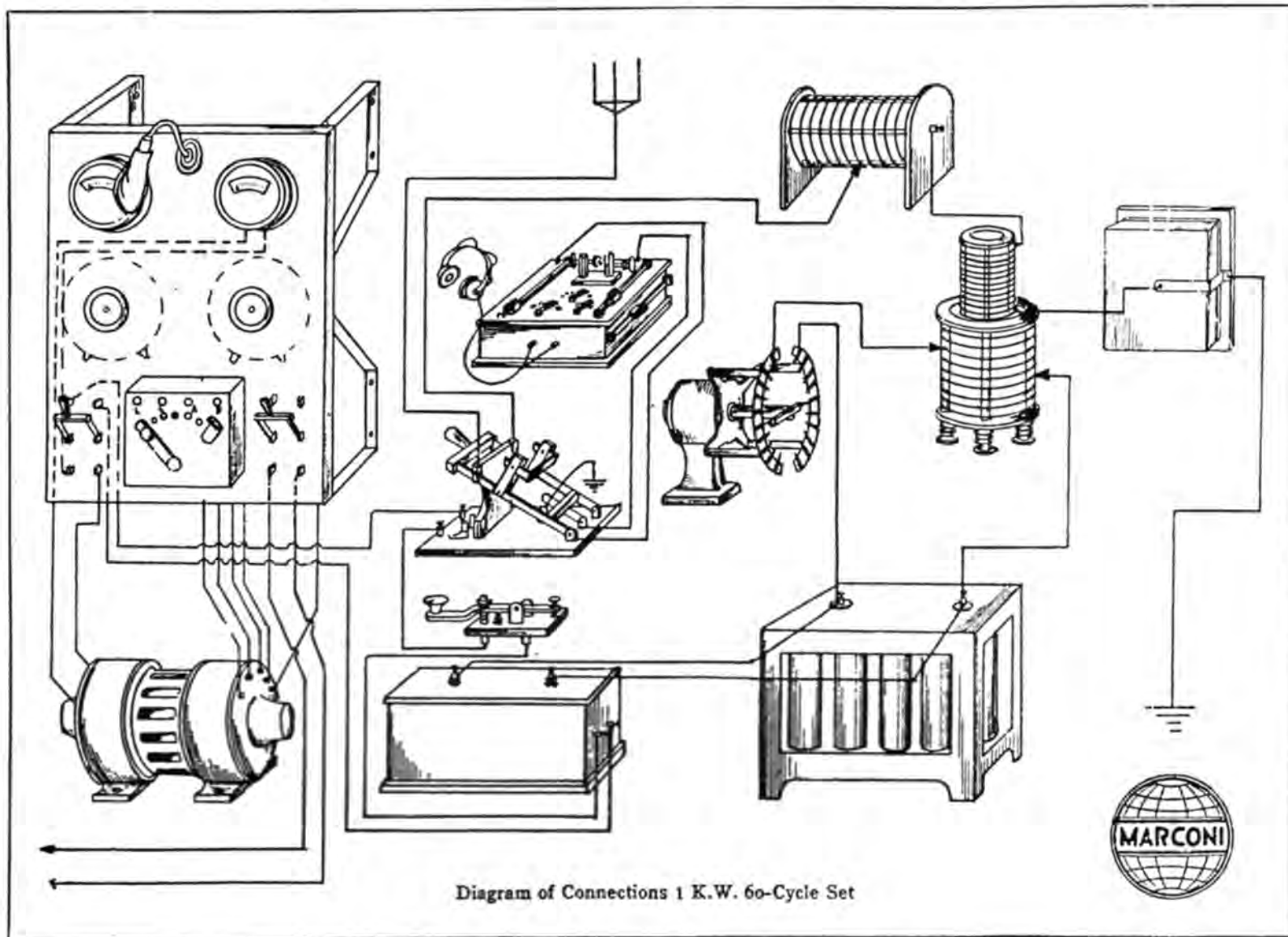
SS. CLEMENS A. REISS/WADE

Great Lakes ore and grain carrier - 1932. "Larry" Briggs (BG) operated the quarter KW Simons unit on this Lake Boat.



# Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America

GENERAL OFFICES  
WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY



## Nostalgic Nomenclature

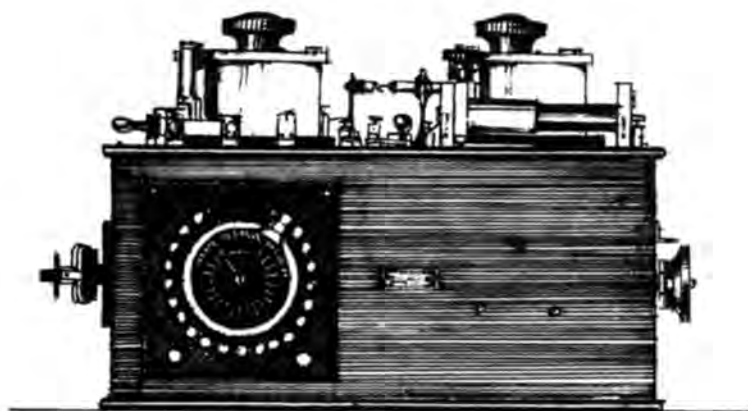
BY — CDR. E.J. QUINBY, USN-RET.

The accompanying diagram published long ago by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America comes from the collection of Melvin Leslie Grummet, SOWP SGP-1740. He was assigned by Marconi Superintendent John B. Duffy in New York, March 13, 1920 to report as Senior Operator aboard the USSB Freighter HASLEHURST, KOXB. Veterans and Pioneers in the Radio Realm should enjoy a nostalgic excursion into past glories by identifying the names and functions of the various apparatus components illustrated.

A few suggestions from the recesses of this writer's dim memory are offered as a starter. On the slate switchboard is the typical United Wireless Telegraph Company's layout, inherited by the Marconi Company in the infringement settlement which drove the U.W.T. Co. into bankruptcy. The goose-neck lamp at the top illuminates the volt-meter (left) and the ammeter (right) showing the voltage of the ship's d.c. supply and alternating current being drawn from the Crocker-Wheeler motor-generator set below. The cartridge fuses beneath these two switches are missing. Between them is the starting-box for the M/G set with handle shown in the off position. It is spring-loaded so that the handle will fly over to the on position when current to the electro-magnet is interrupted. At the upper center is shown the United Wireless Type D Tuner, with single-slide and double slide tuning coils and crystal detector and a pair of 2000 ohm Brandies headphones, - if a cheaper set has not been surreptitiously substituted by some unprincipled boomer Operator. Beneath that is the United Wireless triple-pole Send-Receive Transfer Switch, to which has been added a short-circuiting bridge, supported by the two long knife-blades.

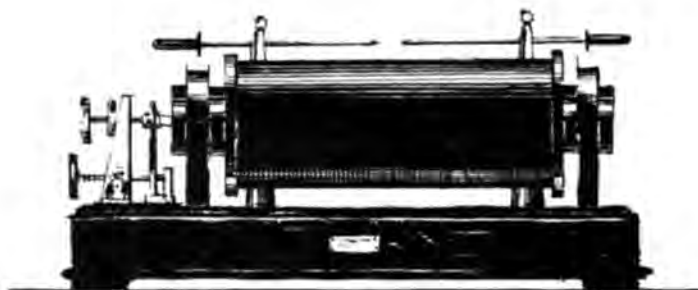
In the UP position, this switch connects the Type D Tuner to the antenna and disconnects the keying circuit, and in the DOWN position the short middle blade grounds the Type D Tuner, and the "bridge" added in the modification connects the Antenna Loading Coil of the Transmitter to the Antenna. Beneath the key is the typical United Wireless "coffin" transformer, across the output of which is connected the bank of U.W.T. Leyden Jars which will produce the artistic violet rays and the fragrant ozone, while the Marconi nonsynchronous Rotary Spark Gap illuminates the immediate vicinity with brilliant blue-white flashes and produces the crashing, crackling sound effects to summon the curious male passengers and panic the timid souls among the fair sex. Its two semi-circular segments support the stator electrodes connected in series between the Leyden Jar bank and the primary of the Oscillation Transformer. Revolving between the two segments, the rotor is insulated from the motor shaft. The secondary of the Oscillation Transformer is connected in series between the Antenna Loading Inductance and the square unit connected in the ground lead at the right. Bless my stars and garters, - that MUST be the legendary Marconi Jigger!

Some of the Old Timers will probably recall playing with the switch feeding power to the Rotary Gap Motor, to put a little "Musical English" into the pitch of their dots and dashes, - on a rising scale at the start of transmission, and a descending scale at the finish. Some will recall how they shot their Transmitter Condensers by letting the Rotary Gap speed fall too far before terminating the transmission. A resultant sudden SNAP and cessation of the sparks meant that the condenser had developed some cracked plates. That emergency meant a messy job of dismantling and repairs if your ship was equipped with the "new" Marconi oil-immersed glass plate condensers. Thus, in our innocence, we learned a few things NOT to do.



Marconi Tuner

J.D. Haig



MARCONI TYPE INDUCTION COIL 10" SPARK

Sketches of the Marconi Tuner and 10 inch straight gap were made by late member James Donald Haig, 1836-SGP(Sr.) while operating aboard the SS INDIAN/KQI in 1914. Members will remember the beautiful colored water-color of the S.S. POWHATAN - KQY used on our 1976 calendar drawn by "Don" Haig



◆◆◆◆ VOICE OF THE "PROFESSIONAL" RADIO OFFICER ◆◆◆◆

# S.O.W.P. CHAPTER NEWS



## ALOHA—CAPTAIN COOK



### CHAPTER ORGANIZES

#### HAWAII CHAPTER - THE BIG DAY I

WHEN ? JULY 22 1978 1PM

WHERE ? The Flamingo "CHUCK WAGON Restaurant" 1015 Kapiolani Blvd. Honolulu.

WHO ? Everyone in Alohland, we hope - also visiting SOWP'ers from the Mainland, if any.

CARL KOCH whose QTH is 84-755 Ala Maniku Drive #61-C, Waianae (Twisted Pair call ... 808/695-9019) Ham call ... KH6JFN ... has undertaken the task of organizing members for the "ALOHA - CAPTAIN COOK" CHAPTER.

Sorry we didn't have the opportunity of announcing this wonderful occasion in the coming SPARKS JOURNAL QUARTERLY as I am sure everyone would have received the message. We hope on the occasion of the next meeting, all can be properly alerted.

We wish Skipper Carl and members who volunteer to help ... a very successful launching of the new chapter. We'll be pulling for you.

#### REPORT ON MEETINGS

#### PORTLAND, OREGON - MAY 19 1978

The Portland area SOWP gang of the Jack Binns Chapter met at North's Chuck Wagon with 20 regular members attending and 2 guests -- a fine turn out considering the total membership in this area. No special program reported by John Peel... just a good time rag chewing. John reported 2 members on sick list: Don Regan and Francis Johnson. John reports a trip to Alohland and a nice visit with Bill Chamberlain.

#### Jack Binns Chapter Elects

Capt. Viggo H. (Eby) Conradt Eberlin is now Director of Chapter V; T.C. "Van" Van Patten Sec/Treas; Doc Burton Historiar and Tom Jobs W7TU Chops.

## TRIPLE DIGIT ATTENDANCE MAY 27 1978

#### PRINCESS LOUISE LUNCHEON CRUISE A GREAT SUCCESS.

Telephoned reports from our Sr. V.P. "Jim" Brown reports that the meeting and reunion of Chapter III members aboard the SS. Princess was a very outstanding event. He reports a 'near capacity' crowd of Society members were 'piped' aboard for a very wonderful 'get-to-gether' in the Los Angeles Harbor. Director Charlie Morrison and his XYL had some very fine gifts for the drawings which took place. Regretfully, Jim had to leave the meeting somewhat early; however he felt it was one of the best yet. Regretfully, we learn that our Senior Veep will be entering dry-dock shortly for some necessary surgery for gallstones (June 12th) so lets all add a prayer for our "Genial Jim".

#### CHAPTER X MEETING

Director Allen Barnabei reports that the meeting of the Chapter on May 6th was an outstanding one enjoyed by all. Mr. William E. Plummer was introduced as an "Honorary Member" in the Society and presented the Society's Wireless Achievement Award. Our appreciation to Director Barnabei and all Chapter X Officers. FB.

#### CAN A MEMBER BELONG TO MORE THAN ONE CHAPTER ?

The answer is YES.

Some members in fact belong to two or three chapters. They do not need to but if they wish to receive the Chapter's bulletins and be on their address list they should help support financially with the modest dues chapters require for cost of publishing bulletins, stamps for mailing and inherent costs which should not be paid by Chapter Director. Of course members are welcomed as guests at any chapter meeting but in case reservations are required for head count, such should be made if at all possible - although on a 'last minute' basis, this too is not necessary. All visiting members, even as guests are expected to pay their own (Dutch treat basis).

PLEASE DO NOT MIX Chapter dues with SOWP HQ. DUES for the Society should be mailed P.O. Box 530, Santa Rosa, CA. 95402. Chapter dues should be paid to Chapter Treasurer, Secretary or Director.

#### GOLDEN GATE CHAPTER ENJOYS NEW MEETING SPOT.

Most of the members attending the Chapter meeting May 27th at the El Rancho in Millbrae were quite enthusiastic about the new spot that Chapter Director, Fred Mangelsdorf had selected for the Luncheon Cruise this year.

The attendance was well in excess of a hundred members and their guests (112 paid luncheons - a capacity crowd.

The setting was very cheerful and furnishing on the plush side with meal tasty and well served. The management of the El Rancho seemed anxious to please our members so it is likely we will return next year.

The program honored the Founder and Director (now President) of the Society. He was extremely appreciative of this honor.

A drawing near the end of the reunion drew the attention of all attending as some very fine gifts were included and awarded the 'lucky' members who held the right number.

Our President called attention to the fact that both Chapters I and III were meeting simultaneously and that between the two chapters that perhaps as many as 250 Society members were in attendance - probably the largest number of SOWP members meeting together at one time - even if a two separate locations.

Master of Ceremonies for this gathering was MARIO J. SPAGNA, Senior Spark Gap Pioneer and Charter Member No. 67. We all felt that his ability as M/C was outstanding so we gave him a ... Well done ! for his handling.

Announcement was made by Director of a fall meeting to be held on OCTOBER 12 1978 (PICNIC) at the FRENCH CHEESE CO, QTH: 7500 Red Hill Road, West of Petaluma CA at noon. MTF on this.

Announcement was also made about the Book member Bill Gerlach had just published. Many very fine commendations from those who have read it were furnished. He was able to autograph quite a few copies at the luncheon. We wish him well and hope his book calls for several more Editions.

#### STAR OF INDIA CHAPTER MEETING NEW OFFICERS ELECTED

Outgoing Director of Chapter IV reports that those attending the Star of India meeting April 20th seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. Among those whose appearance added a bit of 'punch' was that of the Society's CHOP ... OSCAR HARRISON-W5QK who flew all the way from Spring (near Houston) to attend the reunion. Dr. Lee de Forest Chapter Director Charlie Morrison brought the best wishes of of their members to the reunion and invited members to attend their coming Anniversary Party aboard the Princess Louise on May 27th in San Pedro/Wilmington area. Another real old timer, CLIFTON NICHOLS of Palm Springs came aboard and although approaching 90 years, "Nick" retains his colorful zest. The Palm Springs 'touch' of their trench beret he wears gives him the 'man of distinction' appearance. Might add he retains a valid commercial ticket. Charlie's sea-going career started back in 1913 on the SS Yosemite/WQY... that is 65 years ago !!!

William "Pee Wee" Nelson also added a lot of sparkle and interest to the occasion with his gorgeous orchid corsage selection for the ladies. Unfortunately, XYL Mervel of the Chapter's outgoing Treasurer, Ernie Wilmshurst was in the hospital undergoing a very serious operation, so Ernie could not attend. All were profoundly concerned for this fine couple.

Election of officers for the coming two years, as follow:

- DIRECTOR**  
Marlo G. Abernathy
- SECRETARY**  
Felix Ferranto
- TREASURER**  
Eugene Zaluskey

We do wish the new Skipper "AB" who will be in full command of the "quarterdeck" along with mates "Felix" and "Eugene" a very wonderful cruise aboard the good Chapter "STAR OF INDIA".

The Society owes a great debt of gratitude to our former officers, Brandy Wentworth, Ernie Wilmshurst and for work by "AB" Abernathy for their superb stewardship during the past two years. We have noted the 'overflow' crowds at the 'Jolly Roger' in Oceanside and also the fine meetings aboard the Star of India. As a former Navy man, I'll have to give them a rating of 4.0 for their past effort... and that's pretty good sez I. "Hell, that Perfect" retorts the CPO with a dozen hash marks on his sleeve !

**WIRELESS PIONEERS**

### SOWP. CHAPTERS

**ACTIVE & PLANNED**

Drawn by E.L. Swanson

### MEETINGS & REUNIONS LAST QUARTER

April 8	V	Jack Binns Chapter	Seattle, WA
April 20	IV	Star of India Chapter	San Diego, CA
April 21	XI	Elmo Pickerill Chapter	Trenton, NJ
May 6	X	Capitol Area Chapter	Falls Church VA
May 7	IX	Arizona/SW Chapter	Casa Grande, AZ
May 19	V	Jack Binns (Portland Area Chapter)	
May 27	III	Dr. Lee deForest Chap.	Terminal Island
May 27	I	Golden Gate Chapter	Millbrae, CA

### SCHEDULE—COMING EVENTS

July 22	XII	"Aloha-Captain Cook" (Organizational Meeting)	Honolulu, HI
Aug. 19	X	Capitol Area Chapter	Falls Church, VA
Aug. 24	I	Flagship Section, GG (Picnic)	Armstrong Redwood State Park near Guerneville, CA
Oct. 12	I	Golden Gate Chapter (Bulletins will be issued on the above)	Petaluma, CA





# Pacific Marine Review

PACIFIC MARINE REVIEWS—DONATED BY W. EARLE WOHLER SGP-4

JULY, 1923

## THE CHIEF'S DREAM

Morpheus Lifts the Veil and Gives Old Timer a Look Into the Future.

USING over the tremendous advances in marine mechanics, the other evening, I fell into a reverie as to what might happen in the future. The night was still. No whir of auto broke the quiet of the evening air. A murmur of light wind stirred the leaves of the trees surrounding my present shore-side home. I missed the steady hum of turbine, or the rhythmic step of the good old reciprocating sets of by-gone years. There was no lift or roll to the floor. A shaded electric cast a pleasant glow over the table and across my lap, as I sat lazily in a deep arm chair, considering the changes in power applications since the days of twenty-pound boiler pressure and jet condensers. Then it was from four to six pounds of fuel to a horse power. We had no refrigerators. No electric lights or wireless. No evaporators. No double bottoms for fresh feed. No fresh feed, either, for condensing by the "jet" gave us almost sea saltiness for the boilers, and the blows were going all the time.

However, all at once I seemed to be sitting in the office of the marine superintendent of a great steamship line. That is, I thought it was a steamship line. It had the general appearance of such, but yet there was a difference. The lithographs of the company's fleet that were hanging on the walls showed a splendid looking type of vessel, but there was something lacking. There were no funnels in the pictures. Two short masts, with the conventional antennae of a wireless rig were noted, but there the similarity to a steamer ended. A fleet of motorships, I thought, and inquired of the super if all their fleet were motor vessels. And did they use the two or four cycle system?

He looked at me rather surprisedly, and said, "Guess you have been out of the marine business for some time, eh? We have not had a motor vessel since 1932." I felt queer, but did not like to appear too green, so remarked that I had been living an orchardist's life, and rather gotten out of touch. I then noticed the calendar on the wall. It was 2045. I knew something was wrong with my calculations, but let it go at that, being more interested in finding out just how they did make the ocean vessels go, than to bother my head as to why I had skipped some twenty-odd years unconsciously. "What system are you using, then?" I inquired.

"Why, the International Etheric," he answered, "What else is there to use now?" Not being able to answer his question, I qualified by asking another. "How is it done? I must confess I have not heard of it. Excuse an old-timer's ignorance, but I am somewhat interested."

"Why, I'll be glad to," the gentleman replied. "You see, it was about 1980 that the scheme was evolved of harnessing all the great water power sites of the world, and turning their stupendous energy into service, generating electricity for heat and light as well as work. This had been made necessary by the lack of fuel, either coal or oil, the former by reason of the excessive costs of getting the coal from the mines, and the latter from the fact that many of the oil fields had ceased to produce. Along about this time one of our most eminent electrical engineers had experimented in the transmission of power by wireless, and it was found to be a feasible and comparatively easy thing to do.

"An International Congress of Industry had by this time been established, all commerce and transportation being under its control. National antagonisms had been wiped clear, and the world was as a single nation in the matter of trade and advancement. Each country had its quota of vessels, owned and operated by private corporations, but all working in harmony with one another. The wireless power was developed at many points, some of them being in the interior of Africa, others far up in the mountain fastnesses of South America, some in the hills of Scandinavia, of course at Niagara and from the great water power projects in the Western States. Siberia and China also contributed, as well as the East Indies and Australia with New Zealand. Obviously, some of these plants would be scant of water at certain seasons of the year, but on the other side of the equator others were then at their peak of output. This enabled an equalizing, and constant delivery of power.

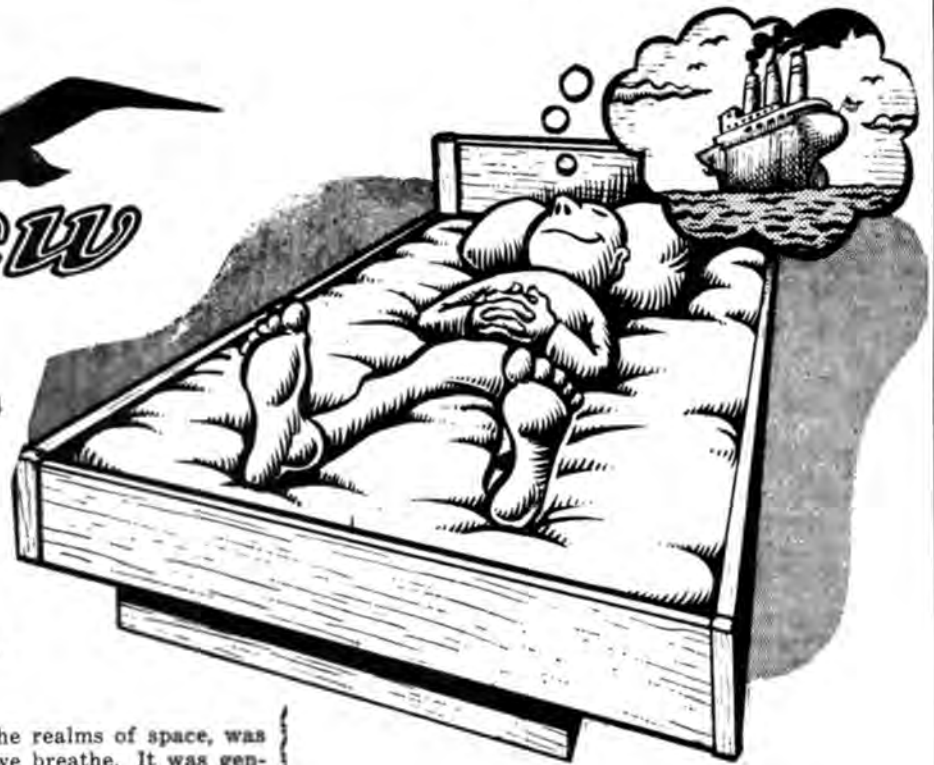
"This power, sent out into the realms of space, was practically as free as the air we breathe. It was generated and broadcasted at an internationally fixed number of frequencies, but at different wave lengths. This was necessary, as the power and lighting impulses were separated, to better simplify the whole matter, and make them more easily handled and controlled. Each country operating vessels paid their prorate for the power used by their vessels. A close check was kept on the number and type of such vessels, which was readily done by methods similar to the custom houses and inspection bureaus of the years gone by.

"Each vessel was fitted with a motor or motors tuned to the correct frequencies. They were fastened directly to the shafts of the vessels, turning the screw in the same way as in olden times.

"These motors are controlled from the navigation bridge, and are stopped, started, reversed and speed-controlled by the moving of a simple handle, something like the 'telegraphs' of your day. There are no engineers, as such, on the ships. There are a handful of oilers who attend to the oiling of the shafts, and the operation of the several auxiliaries such as refrigerators, steering machines, etc., also an electrician or two to look after the connections for the cooking and heating units, which are also operated from the Etheric Plants.

"The lighting is, as before mentioned, from the same central sources, but of a different wave length. This is done so that non-maritime nations may receive their quota without conflicting with the maritime ones. All land-operated power is also from this same wave length, and is used in the running of street railways, transcontinental trains, air ships, automobiles, and in fact all kinds of power. A system of registration is kept whereby a fair and equitable charge to the nation using can be made, but it is hoped in time to so centralize all the countries that no charge will be necessary to individuals, the whole expenses being taken care of by an interchange or 'clearing house' system. This will no doubt soon be brought about.

"But it is getting along toward lunch," he remarked, "join me at the club for a bite. Just excuse me a moment, though, and I will be with you." The super left his desk, and passed into another office, leaving the door ajar. A gust of wind closed it with a slam, and I woke with a start, the latest number of the Review having slipped to the floor.



## The Limit of Human Endurance

How long can a wireless operator remain at his post without sleep - in one continuous stretch? The operator on the rescue ship CARPATHIA, which took aboard the survivors of the TITANIC stayed awake through four days and nights and I once believed this a record.

But the British Admiralty, in a letter from the Chief of Naval Operations, Whitehall, London, sent this data to me:

"There is one outstanding act of devotion to duty which springs to mind. I refer to the 'Yangtse Incident.' You will perhaps recall that on 20 April 1949, H.M.S. AMETHYST came under heavy fire from the Communist batteries on the north bank of the Yangtse. Telegraphist Jack French, a member of the ship's company of the AMETHYST, remained on wireless watch without a break for six days and nights keeping the ship in continuous touch with the Commander-in-Chief throughout. For his part in the episode he was awarded the D.S.M. The official citation reads:

### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL:

Telegraphist Jack Leonard French, D/JX 671532 for outstanding devotion to duty . . . (and repeating what is related above).

To complete the record, French was still serving in the Royal Navy in 1964 with the rating of Radio Supervisor."

--Henry Dickow (D)

## A Prediction

"The day will come, when we are all forgotten, when copper wires, gutta-percha covers and iron bands are only to be found in museums, that a person who wishes to speak to a friend but does not know where he is, will call with an electrical voice which will be heard only by him who has a similarly tuned electric ear. He will cry, 'Where are you?' and the answer will sound in his ear, 'I am in the depth of a mine, on the summit of the Andes, or on the broad ocean.' Or perhaps no voice will reply and he will know that his friend is dead."—From *Wireless Telephony*, by Ernst Ruhmer.



PUBLISHED 1907



Nearly 3000 have joined S.O.W.P.!







GEORGE WOOD 607-SGP  
SS ADM. SCHLEY - 1923



W. D. HICKS - WML



# the morning mayor show



*Johnny Sandison*



information, entertainment  
**620 CK**  
"Setting the example"

## picture page



SOCIETY OF WIRELESS PIONEERS



EDW. L. STEVENS (D) (LEFT)  
STAN HYDE (R) 1971



MYRON D. PIERSOL 344-SSGP  
SS VIRGINIA - 1914



ARNO MUELLER-HENZE DKOSS  
IMMC - 1585-M



CLARK F. KOFFKE 1274-P



CARLTON V. BASCOM 806-SGP



FRED M. WINCKEL 335-SGP



GROVER W. WIZEMANN 73-SGP  
SS COMANCHE-KVC  
CLYDE LINE/1916





# S.O.W.P. IN PICTURES



WALTER A. BUDWIG 1749-P



CLARENCE A. PEREGRINE/KOA  
193-SSGP 1914-SS YOSEMITE



WALTER R. SCHREIBER 94-SGP  
SS SAMOA/KTUI



WESLEY WRIGHT JR.  
MS CITY OF PANAMA/RXZ  
BY - ONEY JOHNSON



TED KELSO 453-SGP



CLYDE E. ROBERSON 845-P



WILBUR A. STELZER 970-SGP



W6AW, ROLAND D. RICHARDSON.



ON THE TOWN! SAN FRANCISCO 1920  
L/R: Phil Thorne, Fred Brinckman, and Don Mair. A lot of QRM on Market Street—and a little QRN too.



← GEORGE L. MEEK 1290-P





# - SCRIMSHAW -

TO RADIO: \_\_\_\_\_ Confirming our  
 QSO (Date) \_\_\_\_\_ 197\_\_  
 Your CW--AM--SSB --I I Signate QSO \_\_\_\_\_  
 AT \_\_\_\_\_ GMT, on \_\_\_\_\_ mHz  
 YOUR SIGS R.S.T. \_\_\_\_\_  
 TX \_\_\_\_\_ Input Watts \_\_\_\_\_  
 RX \_\_\_\_\_ Ant. \_\_\_\_\_  
 PSE QSL ES TU. "73" REMARKS BELOW

TO  
 AMATEUR RADIO STATION \_\_\_\_\_

DEAR OM: This is a sample of the SOWP QSL card as used by CHOP "Oscar" W5QKU. Front of card at left. This is address side. Regretfully color does not show (prints black) on this example. 73 es TU. "CX"

Professional Member No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Society of Wireless Pioneers, Inc.  
 P.O. Box 530, Santa Rosa, Calif. 95402

**NOTE # 1**

This is cost of Society Shells which are preprinted but without the Member's individualized copy. Weight of shells approx 10 oz per hundred shells. Size is 3-1/2x5-1/2 inches. "Printed in U.S.A." on the address side in fine type complies with laws of some foreign countries

**NOTE # 2**

This is the cost of packaging and postal or other costs of mailing of QSL cards in the USA. It is a 'median' of parcel post charges from zone 1 to 8 with INSURANCE ADDED to \$15.00 to 200 cards and above \$15 on 500 and 1000 cards. (2(b) Includes packing, shipping, insurance to Canada, Mexico, Central America, Caribbean Islands, Bahama, Bermuda. 2(c) Includes the same to all other countries of the world.

**NOTE # 3**

Total cost including stock (shells) postage, placking, insurance etc.

**NOTE # 4**

**IMPRINTING.** This is cost of imprinting copy by our printer and is the exact amount collected. Calif. members should include 6% taxes on the total of item 1 and item 4. Include in all checks made out to SOWP. LEGIBLE COPY will have to be furnished by member. We reserve the right in some cases to edit, if necessary. The normal format followed is that of W5QKU as shown on this page. No change on reverse side which is preprinted in black. Should member wish color other than Black on face of card a charge of \$2.00 is made by our printer. Occasionally, our printer has large jobs which may delay processing, hence we hope members ordering will take this into account.

**NOTE # 5.**

This is the total and over-all price for stock, imprinting, shipping with insurance covering to (a) addresses in the U.S.A. or served by the U.S. Postal system; (b) Canada, Mexico - see 2(b) and (c) all foreign countries. Members in foreign countries should arrange payment in U.S. FUNDS. Cards are sold at near cost so we can not afford less on exchange. If priority or air mail shipment is desired, be sure to add necessary funds to cover.

Society of Wireless Pioneers Inc.  
 -LIFE MEMBER-

Organization of the "Professional" Brass-Pounder



**W5QKU**

Oscar T. Harrison  
 207-P

422 Artesia  
 Spring, Texas 77373 USA

**ASSIGNMENTS (\*)**

- 1927 -  
 SS Juniata - KQJ  
 SS Fairfax - KGCE  
 SS A. L. Kent - KDLL  
 SS City of Baltimore - (WDEO)
- 1944 -  
 Illinois State Police Radio  
 (\*) Early relief 1926

DEDICATED - to the men who "went down to sea in ships" as Wireless Telegraphers and all those who have earned their living "pounding brass" as wireless or radio ops since the day of Marconi.

## 33 QSL 99

### CARDS of DISTINCTION

**QSL CARDS - PRICE LIST - 1978 DESIGNED & PRINTED FOR MEMBER USE**

Thousands of SOWP QSL CARDS have been ordered by members all over the world and many of them have sent in repeat orders. We have been told by many that they are not only unique but "tops" in our field. The shells on quality Kromocote stock are printed in two colors (Red and Black). They are furnished ready for imprinting or our printer will do it at very reasonable cost which is quoted below. No change in format is available for address side of card, but copy for front can be tailored for space available to personalize them. We would like to invite you to use the Society's prestigious card which brings a welcome where ever received. Sale of cards is limited to active members and Technical Associates only. Below is price list. Orders will be sent worldwide except to contries to which mail is not accepted. The increase in price is due mainly to those imposed by the U.S. Postal Service on May 29 1978. Prices subject to change if and when any other change is made. By ordering press runs into the thousands on our shells, we are able to pass on the benefit of quantity prices on color and quality that would normally cost much more.

Ref. Note.	PRODUCT OR SERVICE PRICED.	QUANTITY			
		100	200	500	1,000
1.	Shells (Unprinted)*	2.50	4.75	10.00	19.00
2.(a)	USA Mailing charges	1.55	2.20	3.00	3.70
(b)	Do. Canada, etc.	2.70	2.70	4.10	4.80
(c)	Do. Foreign/Overseas	3.25	3.25	4.45	6.45
3.	TOTAL/SHELLS/DLY USA	4.05	6.95	15.00	22.70
4.	Member's Imprinting	5.75	6.50	8.25	12.50
5.(a)	TOTAL COST USA Members	9.80	13.45	21.25	35.20
(b)	Do. Canada, Mexico &	10.95	13.95	22.35	36.50
(c)	Do. Foreign/Overseas	11.50	14.50	22.70	37.95

**LABELS**



1  
 2



**Keeper of das Slop Chest**

## SOWP SLOP CHEST

**POSTAGE PAID ITEMS**

**LABELS**

- #1. BLUE on white 3 1/2 x 1 1/4 per 100 .. \$1.00
- #2. RED on white - 1-1/2" circle .. \$1.00
- 30/50 pack of above . . . . . 1.00

**DECALS**

Durable, Vinyl. Rich dark blue on yellow stock, water resistant, self stick. 3-1/2 wide x 5 inches high. Ideal for weather & where durability is required such as on your car. Each . . . . . \$1.00

**PATCHES / CRESTS**

- Multicolor - 3 inch size . . . . \$1.50
- Large 7-1/2" for back of coat . . \$5.50

**BANNERETTES**

Beautiful SOWP wall emblem . . . . \$2.50

**STATIONERY**

ITEM & QUALITY	50	100	300
Letterheads	2.00	3.75	10.00
Note Heads	1.75	3.25	9.00
Env. #10 Large	3.00	6.00	16.00
Env. #6 Small	2.50	4.00	11.50

Prices on above Prepaid, except insurance to U.S. Addresses 50 cents and to Canada 85 cents.



A beautiful personal identification of your S. O. W. P. membership. Rich blue velvet-like emblem and trim on a gold felt Bannerette. Crossbar, gilt spearheads, gold rayon cord and tassels. Simulated side borders and fringe.



## New Item



A NEW ITEM which we think will have great appeal is our new MEDALLION COASTERS with Society LOGO beautifully etched in gold and other colors on moulded durable plastic circles 3-1/2" inches in diameter.

A set of 4 in a gift box (all different color design) is available for \$2.00 ppd Individual coasters are 50c each ppd in any color (1) White on red; (2) Red on white; (3) white on blue and (4) gold on white. They can be used as coasters when a bit of libation is involved. They also make beautiful decorations and can be used in many ways to enhance your den or radio shack.





# SINKING OF THE TITANIC

## CARPATHIA'S WIRELESS LOG

Continued from Page 1

Sunday, April 14, 1912. (N.Y.T.)

- 5:10 p.m. TR's with S.S. Titanic bound west, one S message received.
- 5:30 p.m. Signals exchanged with Titanic at frequent intervals until 9:45 p.m.
- 11:20 p.m. Heard Titanic calling 'SOS' and 'CQD'. Answer him immediately. Titanic says: "Struck iceberg, come to our assistance at once. Position: Lat. 41.46 N; Long. 50:14 W." Informed bridge at once.
- 11:30 p.m. Course altered, proceeding to the scene of the disaster.
- 11:45 p.m. Olympic working Titanic. Titanic says weather is clear and calm. Engineer-room getting flooded.

Monday, April 15, 1912.

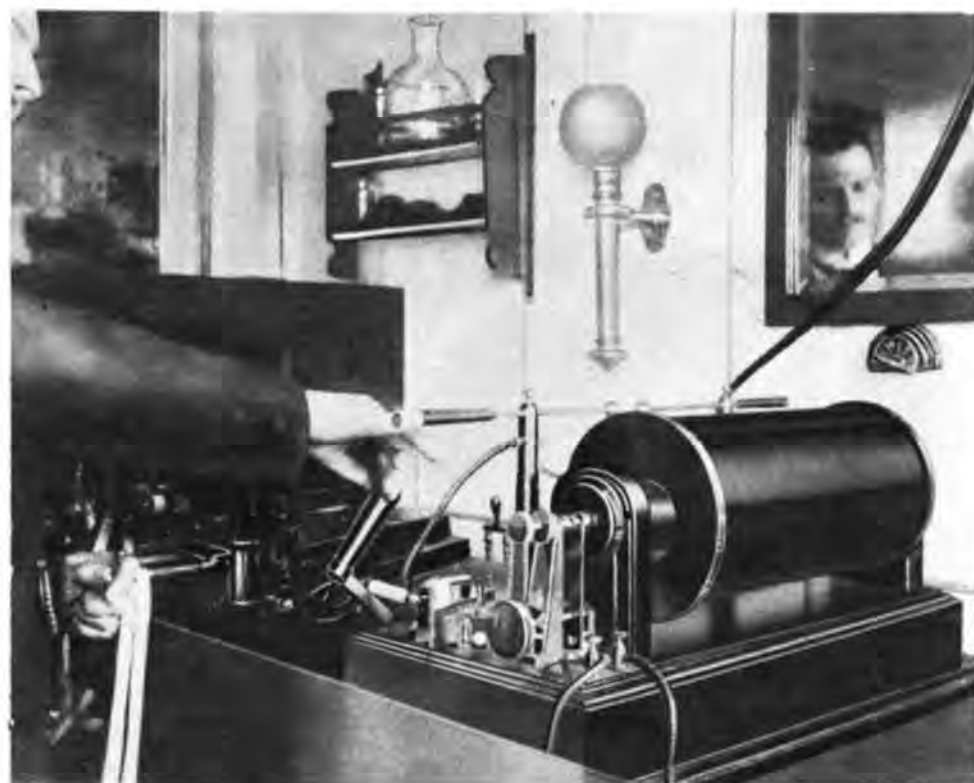
- 12:10 a.m. Titanic calling CQD. His power appears to be greatly reduced.
- 12:20 a.m. Titanic apparently adjusting spark gap. He is sending Vs. Signals very broken.
- 12:25 a.m. Calling Titanic. No response.
- 12:28 a.m. Titanic calls CQD; his signals blurred and end abruptly.
- 12:30 a.m. Calling Titanic at frequent intervals, keeping close watch for him, but nothing further heard.
- 1:25 a.m. Called Titanic and told him we are firing rockets. No sign of any response.
- 1:30 a.m. Continue to call Titanic at frequent intervals but without success.

At daybreak, the Carpathia arrives on the scene of the disaster.

- 5:50 a.m. Signals with Baltic but unable to read him owing to continual atmospheric disturbances, etc.
- 6:45 a.m. Signals with Mount Temple. Informing him we are now rescuing Titanic's passengers.
- 7:07 a.m. Received following message from Baltic to captain, Carpathia—"Can I be of any assistance to you as regards taking some of the passengers from you. Will be in the position about four-thirty. Let me know if you alter your position. Commander, Baltic."
- 7:10 a.m. Sent following reply to Baltic: "Am proceeding for Halifax or New York at full speed. You had better proceed to Liverpool. Have about 800 passengers aboard."
- 7:40 a.m. Advised Mount Temple to return to his course, as there was no further need of him to stand by; nothing more could be done. We have rescued twenty boat-loads of the Titanic's passengers.
- 8:00 a.m. Advised Virginian: "We are leaving here with all on board—about 800 passengers—please return to your northern course."
- 10:00 a.m. Signals with the California.
- 2:00 p.m. TR's with Olympic.
- 2:10 p.m. Sent news of the disaster to the Olympic saying we had rescued about 670 passengers.
- 2:35 p.m. Following message received from Olympic: "7.12 p.m. G.M.T. position 41.17 N, 53.53 W. Shall I meet you and where: Steering east true. Haddock."
- 3:15 p.m. Replied to Olympic: 7.30 p.m. G.M.T. Carpathia 41.15 N, 51.45 W. "Am steering south 87 west true. Returning to New York with the Titanic's passengers."

At 9:45 p.m. on Thursday, April 18, 1912, the Carpathia docked at New York.

Carpathia's Log courtesy Marconi International Marine, Ltd.



Emergency wireless transmitter with "grasshopper" key, as used in the Titanic to transmit her last desperate call for help.



S.S. TITANIC LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON ON HER MAIDEN AND FATAL VOYAGE  
APRIL 12, 1912

Published by permission of member Karl Baarslag (175-SGP) from his book "SOS TO THE RESCUE." His book, published in 1935, is no longer available. Permission has been given to publish material from his book, which we have used. One chapter of particular interest concerns the Sinking of the Titanic and has been republished by Technical Associate, William H. Tantom IV, owner and publisher of 7-C's Press, Inc., P. O. Box 57, Riverside CT 06878. (Write for price if interested.) "Titanic Buff's" who would like more information about the sinking of this great ship might enjoy membership in a unique organization . . . TITANIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC. Address P. O. Box 53, Indian Orchard, MA 01051. They are dedicated to the preservation of all history and memorabilia of this great ship and her tragedy as well as other ships of the White Star Line, especially the Liners Olympic and Britannic, in addition to the Titanic.



LORIN G. DeMERRITT

Picture of the Society's Treasurer taken nearly 50 years ago aboard the S. S. Admiral Schley/WGCI (in 1929). Pretty 'sharp looking fellow? Lorin's QTH is in nearby Sebastopol where he spends time on his ham station W6EAS... tending his orchard and taking care of his numerous golfing, horse-shoe pitching and bowling engagements. Lorin ended his seagoing career in 1935 SS Mericos H. Whittier/KO-DQ... then for many years in the CAA/FAA. He and XYL "Betty" have a nice home at 410 Grundel Drive among the apple trees. Lorin's Serial is #100 - First of our Century Club members.

# The SKIPPER'S LOG

( CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 )

## MEMORABILIA

Let's talk about memorabilia. That's a fancy word that really means all of those 'jim dandy' little goodies that you and I have been saving all these years. Like squirrels, we stashed them away in cardboard boxes, closets and in the basement. There are snapshots of radio stations and equipment, ships we were on and many we were not on, books magazines, etc etc.

For a second, let's consider the amount of all this memorabilia. There is enough to fill several large warehouses, plus hundreds of file cabinets, and its historical value is unlimited. Even if only part of it could be assembled into attractive displays and place where it could be viewed by the public, it could help a lot to tell our story... the story that the Wireless Pioneer period of time was the most important in communication and electronic history ... when wireless grew into the most sophisticated wizardry of the electronic communications the world has ever known.

I am sure most of you have considered the disposition of your historical possessions. Will they remain in your estate to be divided in some manner? Will you give or loan them to a museum type organization? Or will you sell them to increase the cash value of your estate? Perhaps sell them to someone who, by prior arrangement can arrange a tax write-off?

Much of the memorabilia such as books, magazines and publications of the early days including pictures of all kinds can be used by the Society and will be welcomed for use and reference and perhaps republication in the years to come. We hope you will check out as much of this material as possible and arrange to send it to us for our archives, library and reference files.

Artifacts such as equipment and apparatus of all types, primarily of vintage age are of concern to us. At one time we toyed with the idea of establishing a "Wireless Museum" but after checking the idea out, pretty carefully, we decided that a museum could only serve a very limited number of people and our conclusion was that the better idea would be to establish, with the cooperation of existing museums, exhibits, either permanent or on a rotating basis of displays that would give credit to the Society. This could perhaps be carried out by Chapters of the Society who would oversee the exhibits in their area.

We have a limited amount of artifacts and memorabilia on hand, intended for displays on special occasions. I am sure these could be supplemented in a call for such materials as many have indicated their interest in supplying this type material. Materials mentioned could be passed on to Chapters for museum displays. We think this has potential and is a workable idea. You might kick it around in your mind and let us have your ideas on the subject.

Every Member Get A Member



# SOWP NETS & SCHEDULES

SOWP NET SCHEDULES REVISED JULY 1, 1978.

NO	NET(CW)	AREA	DAY OF WEEK	TZ	LOCAL	GMT	FCY	CHOP	ANCS
1.	PICKERILL	ME MA CT NY NJ PA OH	MON TUE THU	E	0900 1900	1400 2400	3670 3670	W3FYD Jack. W22I Ed	
2.	EDISON	FL GA SC ALA TN	SUN (Note B)	E	1400	1900	7053/7063	K4TF Bill	
3.	PAC COAST	CA AZ NV OR WA BC	THU (Note A) FRI	P	2000 1530	0400 2330	3555 (Note A) 7084	W6KHA Ernie	
4.	TRANSCON	US CAN HOLLAND	THU	C	1000	1600	14125 14097 14097	W5QKU Oscar W6IC George K4NP Vic	
	DO 2 DO		TUE	C	1000	1600	14125 14097	W5QKU K2IC Earl.	
5.	YANKEE EASTERN	ME NJ VT MA	SAT	E	1000	1500	7040	K2IC Earl.	
6.	CAPITOL AREA	DC DE MD	WED 1&3	E	2030	0430	3550	W3NH Em	
7.	JACK BINNS	PAC NW BC ETC	TUE	P	2000	0400	3555	W7TU - TOM W7LQ - RAY	
8.	AVOCADO	S CALIF DO	DAILY DO	P	0830 1500	1630 2300	7084 7084	W6KHA Ernie DO	
9.	TRANSPAC	WC HI AUSTRALIA	FRI	P**	2100	0500	14010	K6UJ Brandy W6EB Elmer VK2AMI Frank PA8GL Cor	
10.	TRANSATLANTIC	US CAN HOLLAND	SUN						
11.	INLAND SEAS	GT. LAKES	MON	C	1900 1930	0300 0030	7065 3565	W89AUD Steve W9RC Mac	

A.	HAPPY HOUR	SO CALIF	SSB NETS MON---FRI	P	1630	2330	3947	W6QQB Fred W6RNZ Harry W60FL Halgy
B.	GOLDEN GATE HAPPY HOUR		DAILY	P	1700	0100	3945	W60FL Halgy
C.	PICKERILL	ME MA CT NY NJ PA OH	SUN	E	1415	1915	3917	W25F Milt W22I Ed. W2LEL Don
	DO DO		THU	E	0930	1430	3917	W2LEL Don
D.	FOGGY BOTTOM	DC AREA	TUE 2 & 4	E	1000	1500	3967	W3DUG Jake
E.	WESCAN	FM	week days week days	P	0845 0915	1645 1715	3740 147.3	VE7WZ Bill VE7WZ Bill
F.	GONZALES	SSB?CW	SUN	P	1600	2400	3740	VE7ZP Len VE7GY Arnie

SPL DOTC USA (CW) FRI E 1100 1600 14115 K4NP Vic  
K2NP Bill W6MLZ Ray

Note A: Pacific Net will be inactive until Sept. 14 (roll-call etc) However good place for SOWP Members to meet. CHOP rotates monthly among following: 1. W6BNB Bob; 2. W6SX - Frank; 3. VE7CHE Ed; 4. W4TBZ Mac.

NEW NET: W9GI Geo. Honold, Manitowoc, Wisc. has suggested new CW NetTime: 6 to 7P Daily, CST FCY: 3555 kHz. He will act as CHOP. Tentative ... "Upper Lakes" We will list if activities justify. George's QTH: 708 No. 10th St. Zip 54220.

NOTE B: The Edison Net will be inactive June 25 until Sept. 10th for wkns, etc.

Revised - July 1 1978 Oscar Harrison CHOP

## FINAL REPORT



### SOWP 10 TH ANNIVERSARY "CW" QSO PARTY

Stations participating in QSO Party . . . . . 207 (167)  
Stations submitting logs . . . . . 72 (65)  
CERTIFICATES ISSUED . . . . . 72 (65)

PARTICIPATION BY DISTRICTS

District	Logs Rcd	Stations Participating	District	Logs Rcd	Stations Pcpctd
1	3	13 (3)	6	13	51 (67)
2	8	23 (14)	7	9	32 (25)
3	7	19 (7)	8	4	5 (3)
4	15	32 (18)	9	3	5 (3)
5	2	5 (4)	10	3	8 (10)
VE	5	14 (11)			

(1977 figures are shown in parenthesis)

WIN - PLACE - SHOW  
E.R. Mehrling, W4NH worked all Districts plus Canada for a total of 75 Contacts.  
William C. Willmot, K4TF worked 64 stations.  
Oscar T. Harrison, W5QKU worked 49 stations.  
Neatest and most professional log submitted was by ... George L. Meek, W6IC

WORDS FROM THE "MOB"  
Everybody enjoyed the contest. One member remarked that it was a pleasure to hear the professional handling of contacts and suggested that we have more contest to show the 'youngsters' how to do it! Lets face it -- we're an endangered species like the Whooping Crane!

Several recommendations were received suggesting we hold contests in the middle of the week to get rid of the week-end garbage of other contests. Very good idea. Everyone complained about poor conditions except for the Florida Mafia. Those Crackers had a ball! The ghost of Marconi must have been smiling upon them.

SUGGESTIONS BY THE AWARD CHAIRMAN  
Request members to put their names, serial numbers and call letters on their logs, especially call letter the way member wants it printed on Certificate to eliminate a lot of hassle (yeoman work) to get it all together. Also leave return address slot on S.A.S.E. blank so Chairman can imprint his own return address. That's about all.  
All in all, "the boys done real good." (Like an old pro' should). Lets make it bigger and better next year.

'73  
*Pete Fernandez*

### 1978 SOWP QSO CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Society of Wireless Pioneers (SOWP) will hold their annual Christmas CW QSO Party on the weekend of December 16-17, 1978. The Party will cover the full GMT Period to allow members around the world to participate. This will be the third Christmas on-the-air Party held by the Society.

This special event gives SOWP members an opportunity to meet on the air and to exchange Season's Greetings and other pleasantries. There are no formal exchange requirements and no need to submit logs, etc.

As in the past, the call is CQ SOWP and all members with amateur licenses are urged to take part. Here is another opportunity to renew old friendships, establish new ones and to continue a camaraderie developed over the years.

To provide a gathering place, it is suggested that calls be made between 50 and 60 khz up from the low end of each amateur band. Novices should consider the middle of each novice band.

Suggestions or additional information about the Party can be obtained from the Party coordinator, Bill Willmot, K4TF, 1630 Venus St., Merritt Island, Florida, 32952.

### HIGH SPEED CODE TESTS

Following are the results of the High Code Speed tests run by W. C. Smith (K6DTX "Smitty" sponsored by SOWP for March 19 1978:

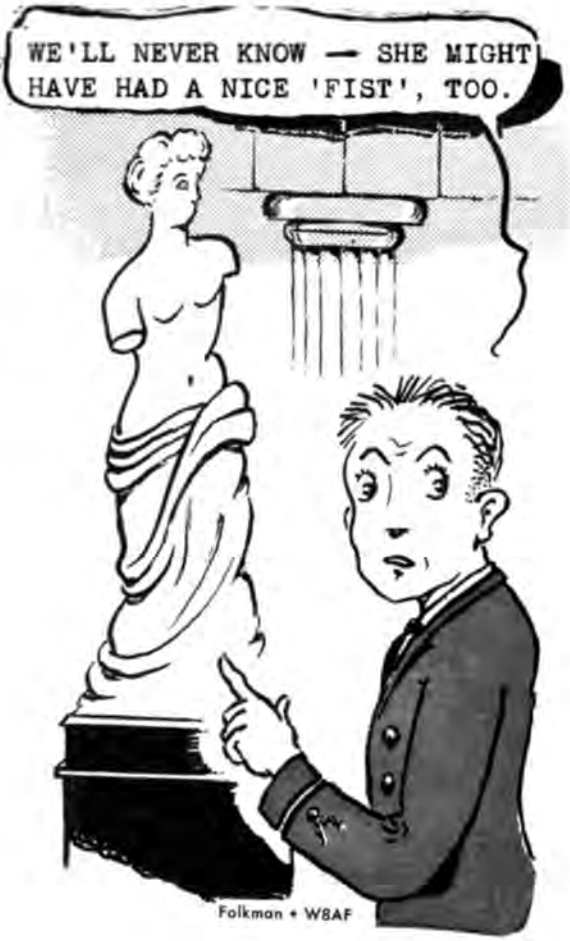
- 60WPM QUALIFIERS  
W7NE
- 50 WPM QUALIFIERS  
W6OWP, K7EF, K7BN
- 45 WPM QUALIFIERS  
W7XX
- 40 WPM QUALIFIERS  
NGFS, W6IPL, W7KZJ

Certificates of Proficiency have been mailed to each after their copy verified.

W. C. Smith K6DYY whose QTH is 67 Cuesta Vista Drive, Monterey CA 93940 will continue the weekly schedule of High Speed Code Practice each Sunday night at 7:30PM Calif. time on 3690 KHz and 7025 KHz simultaneously. "Smitty" may miss a schedule once in a while due to other commitments. Sometime next November he plans to run another test for certification under the sponsorship of the Society. IFN will be furnished overing these Certification tests well in advance.

We wish to thank Smitty for undertaking this job under the sponsorship of the Society as we think many will enjoy copying to improve their speed. We never forget it -- but we get sorta rusty over the years.

Bill B.



Folkman + WBAF



Folkman + WBAF





## San Francisco of 60 Years Ago

BY  
H.J. SCOTT

In the period embracing the middle teens through the middle twenties of this century, San Francisco was a most interesting seaport. In fact as I journey back along the current of time, I find that shipping on the entire west coast was at its best in those days.

There were the big Japanese liners the Tenyo Maru, Shinyo Maru and Chuyo Maru coming in from the Orient with their passenger lists heavy with the so-called "picture brides". As they neared San Francisco these vessels were a plague to operators with traffic for KPH (San Francisco)! They tied up traffic for hours with their "Picture bride messages" monotonously repeating message after message after message saying, "Arriving Tuesday, meet me". These girls had to be met and claimed, otherwise they were not allowed to land, hence the messages!

Sailing out of the Golden Gate to "down under" ports in Australia and New Zealand were the Sonoma, Sierra, and Ventura operated by the Oceanic Steamship Company.

At this time the Matson Company was operating a fleet of passenger-cargo vessels to the Hawaiian Islands. They then had the Maui, Matsonia, Wilhelmina, Manoa, Enterprise and Lurline on this run. Sometime in the mid-twenties the Matson Company took over the Oceanic Steamship Company and extended their operations thereby to include Samoa, Australia and New Zealand in addition to Hawaii.

The Goodall Perkins Company, perhaps better known as the Pacific Coast Steamship Company operated the President, Governor and Congress on the coastwise run, Seattle - San Francisco - San Pedro - San Diego. In addition, this company operated a fleet of ships out of Seattle such as the Umatilla, Senator on the Nome run, along with the Spokane, City of Seattle Curacao, etc. on the southeastern Alaska run.

The Admiral Line (Pacific Steamship Company) operated a fleet of "Admiral" ships such as the Admiral Dewey and Admiral Schley, both of which at one time belonged to the United Fruit Company, on the coastwise run in competition to the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. It also ran several Admiral Line ships to southeastern Alaska.

Following WW I the Pacific Steamship Company became the Alexander Steamship Company. It took over several foreign ships rechristening them with names such as Ruth Alexander, etc. Their H.F. Alexander had formerly been the Northern Pacific operating opposite her sister ship the Great Northern on the run between Astoria, Oregon and San Francisco.

These two very fast ships were Jim Hill's answer to the barring of his railroads from San Francisco. The two of them operated as army transports during WW I and because of their speed, never travelled in convoy.

After the war, the two were returning from New York to San Francisco when the Great Northern caught fire, burned up, and sank off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. Upon arrival in San Francisco, the Northern Pacific was renamed the H.F. Alexander by her new owners. She ran as an express vessel between San Francisco and Seattle for some time, operating occasionally as a cruise ship from San Francisco to Honolulu.

During this same era there were many other famous steamers sailing in and out of San Francisco. There were the Beaver and the Bear which plied between Portland and San Francisco. Many steam schooners ran up and down the coast mostly in the lumber trade from Coos Bay and Grays Harbor to San Francisco. Here much of their cargo of lumber was transhipped to foreign ports.

The American Hawaiian Company operated a large fleet of ships in the sugar trade out of San Francisco, Hawaii and the east coast. They were beautiful vessels names after states such as the Ohlone, Floridan, etc.

From the Orient mostly, came another group of large vessels, The Blue Funnel Liners, operated by our British cousins. These ships were all names after characters in Greek mythology.

From out of San Francisco Bay proper, there were fleets of oil tankers passing in and out of the Golden Gate. Standard Oil tankers, Associated Oil tankers, Union Oil tankers from Richmond, Oleum, and Martinez. Grace Liners journeying to Central and South American ports were regular operators out of San Francisco.

This was also a port in which one found many beautiful, graceful square riggers and schooners. They came from all over the world, from ports with romantic sounding names like Samoa, Java, Sumatra, Ceylon, Shanghai, Madagascar, Rio, Curacao etc.

The vessels that have been listed in these pages are but some of the ships from out of the past that helped to make San Francisco the maritime center of the west coast and the Golden Gate was the open door to the pathway leading to the orient and down under.

It is lamentable that today it is nearly impossible to take a leisurely, restful trip as a passenger aboard a ship for a trip to Seattle or San Diego or Portland as once we could. It was fun, refreshing and delightful. Progress is wonderful but at times it can be very frustrating!

## A "Gung ho" Wireless Operator

WHAT IS WORSE  
THAN A GUNG-HO MATE?

By JERRY MacMULLEN

There are people who will tell you that the only thing in the world worse than a Gung-ho third mate is a Gung-ho wireless operator--and you know, they just might be right.

However, like all of life's problems, strong and resourceful men can be depended upon to arise in such crises and slap them down. And in such isolated little communities as aboard ship or at a lonely light-house or coastal wireless station men soon recognize bumptiousness rather early and, in the language of the military, take such action as may be deemed appropriate.

So, for starters, let's talk about old N.P.K., the Naval wireless station at Point Arguello.

### BLOW YOUR HORN

If you had business at N.P.K., you got there by driving through Lompoc and out to the coast-line at Surf. Then you headed south over a very bad dirt road, where mean-looking hawks sat on fence-posts and leered at you in a hostile manner, and wandering deer presented a right-of-way hazard. At last you came to a locked gate in a barbed-wire fence and blew your horn. You might blow it for quite a while with no results, unless you were smart and footed out "DAH-dit! Dit-dah-dah-dit! Dah-dit-dah!" That they recognized as their call letters, and you got service quickly, by someone in the station pickup.

### AN ILL WIND

When a brash newcomer reported there, it only took one or two meals to evaluate him. So, at the end of the meal--if there were the customary strong nor'west wind blowing--the senior operator would remark that it always was the duty of the newest man to go out and help the cook by emptying the garbage.

The cook, completely dead-pan, would direct him to the head of a certain cleft in the rocks, which led straight in from the sea. Now, unknown to the luckless tyro, when the wind hit the head of the gap in the rocks it was deflected upward, in an updraft strong enough to float a length of 2x4.

While the rest of the crew watched through the windows, he innocently tossed the bucket of garbage over the cliff and into that vicious updraft; a column of uillage mounted into the air and came down all over him. It was strong treatment, but invariably he got the message.

### CALL FOR HELP

So let's leave gaunt, lonely Arguello and come back to San Diego, where there lies in the stream a shapely, wooden-hulled auxiliary steam barkentine--the immortal U.S. Revenue cutter Bear. She has in her wireless shack, back in those days of the open spark-gap and the crystal detector, a young Third Class who was really Gung-ho, he had a thing about, some day, becoming a hero by copying the S.O.S. from a ship in her hour of need.

As he started each watch, he would carefully adjust his earphones, fiddle around with the "catwhisker" of the detector and say, "Well! I wonder if this is the watch when I'll pick up an S.O.S." After a bit it got pretty thick and finally his fellow brass-pounders decided that if he was that up-tight about copying a distress call, it would be a pity to disappoint him.

Somewhere, one of those scoundrels located an old electric buzzer, a dry-battery, a key and some scraps of wire. Stealthily they climbed up on top of the wireless shack, looped the bare end of the wire around the lead-in from the antenna, and ran it back to one leg of the buzzer circuit. And when our hero began his watch, one of the conspirators grasped the key--"Dit-dit-dit! DAH-dah-dah! Dit-dit-dit!--loud and clear, it crashed into the ear-phones. And as the kid reached for his own key to answer the call, one of the

other operators burst in through the door and asked why he was so excited. Unimpressed by the report of an S.O.S., he snatched the phones away from the operator and solemnly declared that he couldn't hear a thing after adjusting them to his own ears, a lively argument followed.

Out on deck, the other conspirator yanked away the wire and pitched it, with battery, key and buzzer, over the side--just as the Officer of the Deck strode in to see what the row was all about.

Slowly it dawned upon the victim that, in some way, he had been had. He never forgave them--but then, neither did he mention "S.O.S." again.

Submitted by M.G. Abernathy  
1610-SGP

San Diego Union,  
2-3-1974.

## "JJU" Broke!

As a new member of SOWP, I'd like to contribute a World War II vignette only cw men could appreciate! I was a trick chief at WXXD, Port Moresby, New Guinea. This was a 5th AACCS (U.S. Army Air Corps) station lying between the largest bomb and gasoline dumps in New Guinea. In addition, we operated homing and landing beacons for friendly aircraft. The Japs knew we were there, and were were conscious of their potential to come see us.

Port Moresby's topography consisted of numerous low hills between which were nice valleys for air strips. At one time during the height of the fighting to save the city, these valleys were dotted with strips for fighter and bomber aircraft. By 1943 only two such strips were left, one to our north and one to our south. It appeared to me that no matter where the Japs struck, gasoline, bombs or airstrips, we would be vitally wounded.

At WXXD we operated cw at positions removed from the transmitters. We handled about ten or twelve circuits as I recall including one ground to air. The latter was the "Siberia" of assignments as it forced the operator to listen to the incessant sending by JJU of a CQ wheel, probably the same one Anne Lindbergh listened to as she and Lindy crossed the Pacific years before. How boring that became! It was so bad, in fact, one of our operators became furious. Inasmuch as the frequency we were really guarding was only 0.5 kilocycles (in those days, remember!) from JJU's he hit the hand key with "JJU JJU." And JJU broke! Silence! So, my operator sent, so help me, "You Jap bastard! You Jap bastard!" No recriminations (Jap or Yank) occurred although we worried for while!

Charles J. Ellis, 2736-V  
WGYBV



"WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR A CHANGE?..... RECEIVE SOMETHING LEGIBLE."





The Staff and members of our organization take great pleasure in welcoming the following members into the Society and look forward to meeting you at Chapter reunions or in the pages of our publications. A fine camaraderie and close fellowship binds members in a brotherhood of cordial geneality and companionship enjoyed by few organizations. While the preservation of history of the wireless mode of communications is our very dedicated purpose, it also permits us to fraternize and enjoy contacts with friends and shipmates of days gone by. May your cruise with us be a happy one.

'73' William A. Breniman, Pres.

**Society of Wireless Pioneers, Inc**

**New Members**

- 2832-V  
WELBORN, KAY F. (K.F./Jean)  
505 Arwine April 5, 1978  
Hurst, TX 76053  
Phone: 817/282-6295  
FS: 1944 - USS Wiley 547 S. Pacific  
AMATEUR: WB5SMN Join Net? NF  
QSP: William Brenna, 2708-V

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- 2833-V  
SARKESIAN, GERALD J. (Jerry/Elaine)  
1617 E. Ocean Blvd. #10 April 6, 1978  
Long Beach, CA 90802  
Phone: 213/432-7642  
FS: 1949 - USAF - Airborne R/O/Var  
AMATEUR: WD6EXM First Call: DL4NX/1957  
Join Net? Need Info  
QSP: Anton B. Anderson-1566-P

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- 2834-P  
CLUTE, FRANK H. (x/Lillian)  
P.O. Box 131 April 6, 1978  
Stamford, NY 12167  
Phone: 607/652-3180  
FS: 1924 - US Air Corps, France Field,  
C.Z./F05  
AMATEUR: None  
QSP: Wm. H. Jones-700-SGP

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- 2835-M  
DRUGLAS, DAINIHHI (Dave/Betty)  
Scottish Ambulance Service  
Arrochar Station April 8, 1978  
Arrochar, Strathclyde SCOTLAND  
Phone: STD. (03012-474  
FS: 1950 - R.A.F./VAR  
AMATEUR: GM4FLV Join Net? Yes  
QSP: R.N.A.R.S. Mercury

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- 2836-M  
MALEY, JOSEPH B. (Jay/Gail B.)  
P.O. Box 203 April 10, 1978  
Martin, MI 49070  
Phone: 616/673-7377  
FS: 1951 - ACS, Kotzebue, AK/ALC44  
AMATEUR: WD8NET/1977 First Call: KL7AIJ/  
1951 Join Net? NF  
QSP: John Sullivan, 1649-M

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- 2837-M  
JOHN J. LAMHAM (X/Karen)  
741 N 200th April 10, 1978  
Seattle, WA 98133  
Phone: 542-6726  
FS: 1960 - USS Higbee/NHLL  
AMATEUR: N7JJ/1977 First Call: WA7LJJ/  
1969 Join Net? NF  
QSP: QST

- MASON, HOWARD F. April 11, 1978  
5724 36th Ave. NE (X/Genevieve)  
Seattle, WA 98105  
Phone: 206/523-5749  
FS: 1917 - SS Alaska/WWS  
AMATEUR: None  
QSP: Dan E. Farley & Chas. E. Williams

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- 2839-V  
TALLON, WM. J. April 10, 1978  
4603 Maytime Lane (Bill/\*)  
Culver City, CA 90230  
Phone: 213/837-0568  
FS: 1942 - American Airlines (Memphis, TN  
WSDK  
AMATEUR: W6IPM/1949 First Call: WILAL/  
1937 Join Net? Yes  
QSP: John N. Elwood

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- 2840-M  
PEREZ, MANUEL S. April 12, 1978  
1226 S. Gaymont St. (Marty/Barbara)  
Anaheim, CA 92804  
Phone: 714/828-2848  
FS: 1952 - USS Menhaden/NKLJ  
AMATEUR: W6LKT First Call: WA4KMO/1962  
Had Novice W1 in 1952 Join Net? NF  
QSP: Ray Furlong, 904-V

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- 2841-M  
WILSON, EARL D. JR. (X/Kathy)  
P.O. Box #3 April 13, 1978  
Escalon, CA 95320  
Phone: 209/838-2756  
FS: 1959 - USS Mount Baker/NCEJ  
AMATEUR: K6GPI/1955 First Call: KN6GPI/  
1954 Join Net? Would like info.  
QSP: NF

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- 2842-P  
JACKSON, HARRY W. (X/Pauline)  
5253 Madrona Ave. N.E. April 14, 1978  
Bremerton, WA 98310  
Phone: 206/377-3461  
FS: 1929 - USS Procyon/NURF  
AMATEUR: W7MCM/1947 Join Net? Yes  
QSP: George A. Onsum

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- 2843-M  
DALE, JOHN T. (X/Iraida)  
360 Constitution Dr. April 15, 1978  
Forked River, NJ 08731  
Phone: 609/693-5411  
FS: 1968 African Star/KALY  
AMATEUR: WD2TU/1965 Join Net? NAP  
QSP: NF

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- 2844-V  
HAUZEY, WILLIAM (Bill/Jean)  
1631 Comstock Ave. April 15, 1978  
Los Angeles, CA 90024  
Phone: 213/553-5370  
FS: 1944 - US Navy #3237 (Eniwetok)/WVNC  
AMATEUR: W6RT/1976 First Call: W6AWQ/46  
Join Net? NF  
QSP: QST

- 2845-M  
KOCH, CARL L. (X/Nancy)  
84-755 Ala Mahiku Dr. #61-C  
Waianae, HI 96792 April 17, 1978  
Phone: 808/695-9019  
FS: 1975 USCGC Mellon/NDIT  
AMATEUR: WB6NYB/KH6JFN/1971  
Join Net? Yes  
QSP: USCG Telecomm. Bulletin

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- 2846-M (April 19 1978)  
MOORE, WILLIAM B. (Bill/Doris A.)  
4002 Arroyo Court S.W., Seattle, WA  
98146. T: 206/243-0641.  
FS: 1931 USCGS MV WESTDAHL/WTEX  
AMATEUR: W7YT. Early "7MI"/1927.  
Join net? NF. QSP: George Onsum 474

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- 2847-P (April 19 1978)  
HALUSKA, JOSEPH W. (Joe/Fern)  
1417-D Devon Lane, Harrisonburg, VA  
22801. Phone: 703/434-4071.  
FS: 1930 - New York / NDB  
AMATEUR: W4ZRJ/1968. Early W2CJ1-1930  
Join Net? Later.  
QSP: John Elwood.

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- 2848-SGP  
SCHINZEL, HENRY R. (Hank/Adelaide)  
1 Todd Rd. April 21, 1978  
Plymouth, CT 06782  
Phone: 203/285-4230  
FS: 1925 - SS Halo/KDCP  
AMATEUR: K1BHT/First Call: W1ARX  
Join Net? Yes  
QSP: Ed Raser

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- 2849-P  
BLOCH, DAVID R. (X/Winifred)  
608 E. Lynfield Dr. 4-21-78  
Rockville, MD 20852  
Phone: 391/762-0458  
FS: 1956 - USS Argonne/D70  
AMATEUR: None  
QSP: Allen Barnabei

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- 2850-M  
DEVINE, MARSHALL P.  
9826 Childress (Marsh/Phyllis)  
Austin, TX 78753 4-28-78  
Phone: 512/837-0181  
FS: 1958 - Johnson AFB/WXA  
AMATEUR: W5ACG Join Net? Yes  
QSP: QST

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- 2851-P  
DENNIS, KENNETH K. (X/Gladys)  
778 S.E. 21st Ave. 4-28-78  
Hillsboro, OR 97123  
Phone: 503/640-1114  
FS: 1950 - Tug Martha Foss/WGDQ  
AMATEUR: None  
SOS: March 11, 1942 - SS Mount  
McKinley/KJEU  
QSP: Hank Gabriel

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- 2852-P  
COWAN, STUART D. (Stu/Grace)  
P.O. Box 596 May 1, 1978  
Rye, NY 10580  
Phone: 914/967-5774  
FS: 1935 - George B. Cluett/VOWG  
AMATEUR: W2LX  
Join Net? If time permits  
QSP: Willis Kingsley Wing, 896-SGP

- 2853-P  
FEDDEMA, NORBERT L. (Norb/Delia)  
Rte. 6 Box 220 May 3, 1978  
Bemidji, MN 56601  
Phone: 218/751-6549  
FS: 1935 - CCC Ely, MN/WUCZ  
AMATEUR: W00BE Join Net? No  
QSP: Arthur Vandersluis, 815-P

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- 2854-M  
DISHINGER, DONALD M. (Don/MoMoYo)  
P.O. Box 124 May 18, 1978  
El Granada, CA 94018  
Phone: 415/726-2545  
FS: 1978 - Sealand McLean/WHGA  
AMATEUR: W6RKT  
Join Net? Later (At sea now)  
QSP: Esther Given, 709-V

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- 2855-S-SGP  
THORNTON, EARL H. (X/Marian)  
432 Temko Terrace May 18, 1978  
Daytona Beach, FL 32018  
Phone: 255-7892  
FS: 1913-SS Itasca/KQU  
AMATEUR: None First Call: KHR/  
1913  
QSP: Prof. Herbert Scott

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- 2856-P  
de REIGER, HENDRIK ALBERT  
Balsemienlaan 184 (Hein/  
Toos de Goede)  
S-Gravenhage 2555 RG 5-18-78  
Netherlands  
Phone: 070-23 0465  
FS: 1936 - Military Service  
AMATEUR: PAOANI Join Net? NF  
QSP: C. Glerum, 710-P

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- 2857-P  
SCULLY, ROBERT C. (Bob/Bertha)  
179 Kendall Blvd. May 18, 1978  
Oaklyn, NJ 08107  
Phone: 609/854-6274  
FS: 1935 - NJ Nat'l Guard  
AMATEUR: W2XN Join Net? NF  
QSP: Grant Nonnemaker, 2097-P



- 2858-M  
SPARKS, MICHAEL (Mike/Nadia)  
4 Redwood Path May 18, 1978  
Glen Cove, NY 11542  
Phone: 516/676-3429  
FS: 1969 - USS Oxford/Class.  
AMATEUR: WA2TVU Join Net? Yes  
QSP: QST

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- 2859-V  
HARRIS, JOSEPH M. JR. (Mike/\*)  
94 Webster St. NE #204  
Wash. D.C. 20011 May 18, 1978  
Phone: 202/529-9546  
FS: 1945 - SS Tampico/KA3ZB  
AMATEUR: W4MAV Join Net? NF  
QSP: NF



**bon voyage.**



# Welcome....New Members



## NEW MEMBERS

**2860-M**  
**SNOW, IAN R. (X/Maude)**  
 Box 32 Site 5 RR#1 May 18, 1978  
 Waverley, Hfx. Co.  
 Nova Scotia BON 2S0 Canada  
 Phone: 902/435-4116  
 FS: 1967 - VP 415 Sqn. CFB/  
 AMATEUR: VE1ANA Join Net? NF  
 QSP: QST

**2861-P**  
**SHALAG, WILLIAM C. (Bill/Gigi)**  
 1400 South Joyce St. (C-1202)  
 Arlington, VA 22202 5-18-78  
 Phone: 703/521-1238  
 FS: 1936 - CA NG STN 184th Inf.  
 40th Div. Sacramento, CA  
 AMATEUR: None First Call: KG6FZ  
 QSP: NF

**2862-M**  
**HIGGINS, RALPH W. (X/Mabel)**  
 38 Walnut Lane May 18, 1978  
 Wallingford, CT 06492  
 Phone: 203/265-0722  
 FS: 1957 - SS Excambion/KVWA  
 AMATEUR: W1ALS Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: NF

**2863-P**  
**OLSON, FINDLAY (Oley/Dorothy)**  
 4831 Shoreline Way May 18, 1978  
 Oxnard, CA 93030  
 Phone: 805/985-5257  
 FS: 1935-MV Hermosa/KGMA  
 AMATEUR: W6FQQ/1932 Join Net? Yes  
 SOS: Dec. 1935 - MV Hermosa  
 Ship burnt and sank  
 QSP: NF

**2864-SGP**  
**BRAIDWOOD, THOMAS W. (Tom/\*)**  
 105 Hinman Ave. May 18, 1978  
 Biloxi, MS 39531  
 Phone: 601/388-2365  
 FS: 1919 - SS Santa Rita/WTG  
 AMATEUR: W5BW First Call: 5UZ/  
 1914 Join Net? Yes  
 SOS: 1940 - MV Petroheat/WDUC  
 Caught in storm with engines  
 dead.  
 QSP: Milt Schwartz

**2865-M**  
**TRACY, MATTHEW W. RN-3 (X/Linda)**  
 P.O. Box 513 MOU No1 NSGA NW  
 Chesapeake, VA 23322  
 Phone: NF May 18, 1978  
 FS: 1976 USCGC Alert/NZUE  
 AMATEUR: Waiting for test results  
 QSP: John Zantek, 2612-M

**2866-P**  
**HOSKINSON, GEORGE W. (X/Lillian)**  
 Star Route (Copco Lake)  
 Montague, CA 96064 May 18, 1978  
 Phone: 916/459-5688  
 FS: 1934 - USS New Orleans/NAHJ  
 AMATEUR: None  
 QSP: NF

**2867-V**  
**GOFORTH, WILLIAM C. (X/Mary Jo)**  
 172 Westover Circle, DODHF  
 Novato, CA 94934 May 19, 1978  
 Phone: 415/883-7380  
 FS: 1948 - USCG COMMSTA/NMC  
 AMATEUR: None  
 QSP: NF

**2868-P**  
**JACKSON, RALPH E. (Jack/Ena V.)**  
 308 Michigan Ave. May 20, 1978  
 Frankfort, MI 49635  
 Phone: 616-552-7544  
 FS: 1926 - Ann Arbor #3/WDN  
 AMATEUR: W8LA/1929 Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: Geo. P. Honold

**2869-P**  
**KEISTER, ORVILLE O. (X/\*)**  
 2319 S. Cleve.-Mass.- Rd.  
 Akron, Ohio 44321 May 20, 1978  
 Phone: 216/666-4860  
 FS: 1926 - SS Puritan/WDU  
 AMATEUR: none  
 QSP: Geo. P. Honold

**2870-P**  
**MCGrail, JOHN J. (Sparks/Rose)**  
 2385 Carling Ave. #702  
 Ottawa, Ont. Canada K2B 7G9  
 Phone: 613/820-1125 5-22-78  
 FS: 1936- SS Lord Strathcona/  
 GMSK  
 AMATEUR: VE3NQ Join Net? NF  
 QSP: John Elwood

**2871-P**  
**NEWCOMB, GEORGE A. (X/Mabel)**  
 P.O. Box 301 May 23, 1978  
 Laytonville, CA 95454  
 Phone: 707/984-5044  
 FS: 1926 - USS Arizona/NBW  
 AMATEUR: W6CFE/1948 First Call:  
 K6IBW/1933 Join Net? No  
 QSP: Loren M. Hutto

**2872-V**  
**PEHOUSHEK, JOSEPH C. (Joe/Arlene)**  
 10812 Thomas Ave. So. 5-24-78  
 Bloomington, MN 55431  
 Phone: 612/881-1376  
 FS: 1942 - NWA/Fairbanks  
 AMATEUR: W0EFK Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: Oscar T. Harrison

**2873-V**  
**AHLEFELD, RICHARD G.**  
 405 Whittier St. (Dick/Donna)  
 Silverton, OR 97381 5-24-78  
 Phone: 503/873-3570  
 FS: USA-SC/AY2  
 AMATEUR: W0TJC/1977  
 Join Net? Will consider  
 QSP: Harry H. Plumeau

**2874-V**  
**YORK, SAMUEL (Sam/Jean)**  
 4112 Las Cruces Way May 26, 1978  
 SACRAMENTO, CA 95825  
 Phone: 916/483-2663  
 FS: 1942 - R/O USMC/SOPAC  
 AMATEUR: W6MJQ First Call: W7YYZ  
 Join Net? NF  
 QSP: Joe Sessor

**2875-M**  
**HARPER, THOMAS C. (Thomas/\*)**  
 11109 Carmon St. May 26, 1978  
 Riverview, FL 33569  
 Phone: 813/677-5594  
 FS: 1967 - SS DeI Mar/NOLA  
 AMATEUR: WA4JHS/1964 Join Net? No  
 QSP: NF

**2876-SGP**  
**MEOLA, EDMUND A. (X/Vivienne)**  
 3864 Spring St. So. May 29, 1978  
 Salem, OR 97302  
 Phone: 503/364-2940  
 FS: 1919 - USS Delaware(USN)/NEK  
 AMATEUR: W07NUD/1977  
 Join Net? No  
 QSP: R. Hazleton

**2877-V**  
**PESTYK, VAL F. (Val/\*)**  
 3421 Mason Ave. June 1, 1978  
 Regina, Sask. Canada S4S 0Z5  
 Phone: NF  
 FS: 1944 - Chatham Radio/CKG  
 AMATEUR: VE5VP  
 Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: NF

**2878-M**  
**BULLINGA, FERDINAND II. (X/\*)**  
 110 Brederoodseweg June 1, 1978  
 2082-BX Santpoort  
 NETHERLANDS  
 Phone: 023-378636  
 FS: 1974 - SS Kennemerland/PFIW  
 AMATEUR: None  
 QSP: C. Clerum

**2879-M**  
**THOMASON, ARLIE M. (X/\*)**  
 Box 32 June 7, 1978  
 Gardiner, OR 97441  
 Phone: NF  
 FS: 1961 - USA Signal Corps/VAR  
 AMATEUR: None  
 QSP: Sparks Journal

**2880-M**  
**FERRELL, AUSTIN W. (Jerry/Zoe)**  
 Box 368 June 7, 1978  
 Bay Center, WA 98527  
 Phone: 206/875-5854  
 FS: 1945 - USCG Radio Station/NMJ  
 AMATEUR: W07VKI/1978 Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: Oney Johnson, 75-P

**2881-P**  
**LUBUTTI, JOSEPH (X/Julia)**  
 224 Sycamore St. June 8, 1978  
 West Hempstead, NY 11550  
 Phone: 516/IV6-3209  
 FS: 1938 - Columbiaville NY CAA Str/  
 2UQ  
 AMATEUR: None  
 QSP: MiltSchwartz, 1434-P

**2882-P**  
**SABEL, AUGUST J. COL. (Ret.)**  
 27 South Shore Dr. (Bud/Anita)  
 Gulf Harbors June 12, 1978  
 New Port Richey, FL 33552  
 Phone: 813/849-6608  
 FS: 1938 - HQ. 6th Corps Area/WAR  
 AMATEUR: W4SQF (Extra Class)  
 Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: Oscar T. Harrison, 207-P

**2883-M**  
**MILLER, THOMAS D. (Tom/\*)**  
 USCGC RUSH (WHEC 723)  
 FPO San Francisco, CA 96601  
 Phone: 714/273-7063 June 13, 1978  
 FS: 1977 - USCGC Rush (WHEC 723)/  
 NLVS  
 AMATEUR: None  
 QSP: NF

**2884-P**  
**WHEELER, ARTHUR (Art/Florence)**  
 418 Silkey Rd. June 14, 1978  
 Aberdeen, WA 98520  
 Phone: 206/533-0387  
 FS: VS-15M (UGG Lexington)NVMPO  
 AMATEUR: W7XX Join Net? NAP  
 QSP: James H. Eckersley JR.

**2885-V**  
**HEIT, MURRAY ALBERT (Doc/Eleanor)**  
 135 Withrow Ave. June 19, 1978  
 Ottawa, Ont. Canada K2G 2J6  
 Phone: 416/225-6676  
 FS: 1943 - RCAF - EAC HFX-NS/TWS  
 AMATEUR: VE3KHZ Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: QST

**2886-M**  
**TURGOOSE, JOHN A. (X/Grete)**  
 225 St. Jacques June 19, 1978  
 Mont St. Hilaire  
 Quebec, Canada J3H 3P8  
 Phone: 514/467-1255  
 FS: 1971 - SS C.D. Howe/CYCJ  
 AMATEUR: VE2AQT Join Net? NF  
 QSP: R. Ian McAuley

**2887-V**  
**ROEGNER, KENNETH A. (Ken/Eleanor)**  
 4904 NE 40th Ave. June 19, 1978  
 Vancouver, WA 98661  
 Phone: 503/694-4163  
 FS: 1944 - USS Brooking/APA-140  
 AMATEUR: W7OIN/1949 Join Net? NF  
 QSP: NF

**2888-P**  
**SOMERS, FRANK W. (X/Ruth)**  
 RD#2 June 19, 1978  
 Middlebury, VT 05753  
 Phone: 802/462-2959  
 FS: 1927 - Rocky Point, NY/WSS  
 AMATEUR: N1FS First Call: 8CST/'26  
 Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: Ray D. Ferguson, 1091-SGP

## New Technical Associates

**TA-80**  
**SHAW, JOHN MICHAEL (Mike/Maura)**  
 309 Chestnut St. June 2, 1978  
 Nutley, NY 07110  
 Phone: 201/235-1571  
 AMATEUR: K2LRE Join Net? Yes  
 With ITT Mackay Marine since  
 1970.  
 QSP: L. Mateo, 878-V

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS - Continued on Page 24.

## Every Member Get A Member

### RECRUITMENT AWARDS

"Recruitment Awards are presented annually to members responsible for two or more new members joining the Society. The name of the sponsor must appear on the new member's application form when received.

### ADDED INCENTIVE

Members who are responsible for recruiting five or more members each year will be credited with a full year of "PAID UP DUES".

Since members are the 'lifblood' and controlling factor of any organization - the more we have, the more we can do, hence your cooperation in bringing in new members who are eligible, not only help the Society's program but in turn increase its inherent value in every way to all members. It also gives you a reward which is well worth your effort. Think about it.



Folkman • WBAF

"THE OLD MAN SAYS YOU BETTER LAY OFF THE KEY - IT MAKES HIS TV PICTURE JIGGLE."

... 'Since the days of Marconi'



## New Members - continued

2389-V  
**STONE, THOMAS J.** (Tom/Doris)  
 5801 N.E. 17 Ave. June 22, 1978  
 Vancouver, WA 98665  
 Phone: 206/693-5703  
 FS: 1943 - USS Francis M. Robinson  
 DE220/NAWX  
 AMATEUR: WB7QVL Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: Russell I. Menegat

2890-M  
**ELBURG, JAN** (X/\*)  
 Min Ringersstraat 8 June 22, 1978  
 Dinxperlo (Gld) HOLLAND  
 Phone: NF  
 FS: 1975 - Calamares/PDHZ  
 AMATEUR: PAQJED Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: NF

2891-V  
**CARROLL, OLIVE J.** (x/\*)  
 P.O. Box 789 June 22, 1978  
 Kaslo, B.C. Canada V0G 1M0  
 Phone: 604/353-2604  
 FS: 1947 - M/S Stranger/LLMK  
 AMATEUR: VE7ERA Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: Elizabeth Anderson

2892-P  
**MEHRLING, HOWARD W.** (X/Janice)  
 365 La Villa Dr. June 22, 1978  
 Miami Springs, FL 33166  
 Phone: 305/888-1304  
 FS: 1928 SS A.D. Macbeth/KDXN  
 AMATEUR: W4HN/1926  
 First Call: 8BGP/1924 Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: NF

2893-M  
**BROWN, KENT L.** (X/Saundi)  
 1600 Wilikinia Dr. 308-C  
 Wahieawa, HI 96785 June 23, 1978  
 Phone: 621/8968- (808)  
 FS: 1976 - USCG Honolulu Commsta/  
 NMO  
 AMATEUR: WB7PVU Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: Carl L. Koch

2894-M  
**HOLZER, ULRICH ROBERT**  
 Albisstrasse 15 (Bob/Christa)  
 Thalwil SWITZERLAND CH-8800  
 Phone: 01/720.00.88 June 23, 1978  
 FS: 1963 - MS Rhin/HBDS  
 AMATEUR: HB9ACG  
 Join Net? Would like info  
 QSP: John N. Elwood

2895-P  
**MICHAELIS, LAWRENCE E.**  
 310 Oleander Dr. (Mike/Perina)  
 Port Richey, FL 33568 June 26, 1978  
 Phone: 813/868-1815  
 FS: 1936 - Ohio State HP/WPGQ  
 AMATEUR: W4PJC Join Net? NF  
 QSP: QST

2896-M  
**SUEOKA, GUY K.** (X/\*)  
 2097 Tenth Ave. June 26, 1978  
 Honolulu, HI 96816  
 Phone: NF  
 FS: 1969 - USN COMMSTA (Guam)/NPT  
 AMATEUR: KH6GGZ Join Net? NF  
 QSP: QST

2897-V  
**QUACO, LEWIS R.** (X/Helen)  
 702 Spruce St. June 26, 1978  
 Dixon, IL 61021  
 Phone: 815/284-3630  
 FS: 1943 - USA-SC No. Africa/VAR/TA  
 AMATEUR: None  
 QSP: Paul W. Leffert

2998-M  
**LUSTENBERGER, ROBERT ALOIS**  
 Zugerstrasse 165 (X/\*)  
 6311 Neuaegeri Switzerland  
 Phone: 42/72-1804 June 27, 1978  
 FS: 1971 - SS Ockenpels Tx/DLCC  
 AMATEUR: None  
 QSP: Reto Furrer

2899-V  
**BROWN, JACK N.** (Shy/Caroline)  
 Box 155, RFD #1 June 28, 1978  
 Washington Crossing, PA 18977  
 Phone: 215/493-3886  
 FS: 1941 - SS City of Cleveland III/  
 WNCM  
 AMATEUR: W3SHY, 1946 First Call:  
 W8SHY/1938 Join Net? NF  
 QSP: John Elwood & J. William Miller

2900-SGP  
**UNRUH, FRANK T.** (\*/Carol)  
 1155 Lakeside - #601 June 30, 1978  
 Grand Junction, CO 81501  
 Phone: 303/242-5145  
 FS: 1924 USN COMMSTA "NPL"  
 AMATEUR - No Expired  
 QSP: Bill Breniman

2901-M  
**STROHM, CHARLES L. RM2** (X/\*)  
 2416 Eagle Ave. #E June 28 1978  
 Alameda, CA 94501  
 Phone: 415/523-9423.  
 FS: 1972 USCG Station Gesashi, Okinawa,  
 Japan/NRT-2.  
 AMATEUR: None  
 QSP: W. C. Goforth

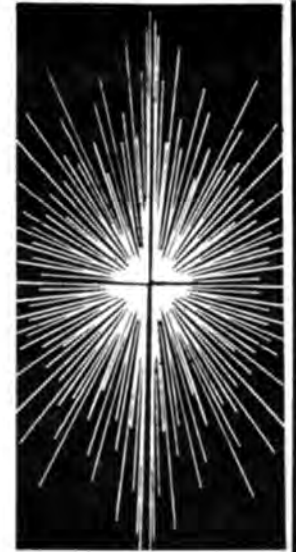
2902-V  
**KALIVODA, MICHAEL P.**  
 4342 S.W.Mills St. (Mike/Rosamond)  
 Seattle, WA 98136 June 30, 1978  
 Phone: 206/937-8260  
 FS: 1940 - USS Fox/NIRO  
 AMATEUR: W7JKI/1946 First Call:  
 W9EKS/1931 Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: Bill Nye

## Technical Associates

TA-81  
**BENNETT, RUSSELL C.**  
 3401 Chenu Ave. (Russ/Aline)  
 Sacramento, CA 95821 June 26, 1978  
 Phone: 916/487-9702  
 RM2C USNR RT1C & Chief Rdo Tech.  
 1942, Instr. Naval RMS. Engr., Instr.,  
 Maint. Tech & Supv. Member IRE; IEEE  
 AMATEUR: W6DTJ Join Net? Yes  
 QSP: Irvin E. Dickinson, 2455-SGP

TA-82  
**LINK, AUGUST J.** (X/Diana)  
 2340 Hosp Way Apt. 124  
 Carlsbad, CA 92054 June 30, 1978  
 Phone: 714/729-4349  
 Resume: Collector & researcher of WWI  
 communications equipment. Holds BS/  
 EE UCLA. Member IEEE, AWA & NAB.  
 Specializing on USN & Signal Corps  
 equip. & artifacts. Has USN 1/2KW  
 Quenched gap Xmtr., CW-936 Tmtr/Rcr.,  
 USN 1917 tube Xmtr., 1916 suitcase  
 Xmtr Rcr, etc. (M ny others in col-  
 lection)OWns Surcom Associates  
 specializing in components to Bdc in-  
 dustry worldwide.  
 AMATEUR: none  
 QSP: Eugene Zaluskey, 1446-P.

## SILENT KEYS



### In Memoriam

FULTON, STEWART R.	595-SGP	-----	Mar. 22 1978
POND, WILLIAM B. (70)	1385-P	-----	Mar. 28 1978
FERLAND, CYP	770-SGP	-----	Mar. 19 1978
MOREHEAD, DONALD G.	1100-SGP	-----	Apr. 18 1978
AUSTIN, HERVEY G.(88)	1092-S/SGP	----	Unknown
KESLEY, CHARLES H.	95-S-SGP	-----	April 17 1978
ALEXANDER, EUGENE	1350-P	W6GFM	May 7 1978
ROCK, RAYMOND W.	2688-V	W3EKZ	Spring 1978
DEACON, ALAN I.	808-SGP	VE7DK	May 15 1978
SADLER, JESSE G.	2463-V	W6DAA	May 1 1978
JOHNSON, ONEY A. (70)	75-SGP(*)	WA6DLC	June 13 1978
BRIARE, WILLIAM W. (82)	437-SGP	K6SA	June 3 1978
SULLIVAN, JOHN L.	2649-M	W8OUS	May 6 1978
GAHM, SEBASTIAN (81)	749-SGP	W1DIU	June 19 1978
VILLAREAL, DEWEY R.	657-S/SGP	W4BM	Unknown

(\*) Charter Member  
 (Includes all reports to July 1 1978).

## MARCONI'S YACHT "ELETTRA" BECOMES MUSEUM ATTRACTION



YACHT ELETTRA - - Photograph courtesy The Marconi International Marine Co. Ltd.

The yacht "Elettra" which Marconi used for his most important telecommunication experiments, and which for more than ten years has been in harbor near Trieste, will be divided into three parts and exhibited in three museums.

The history of the yacht "Elettra" is very unhappy. The ship was built in Britain in 1903 for the Royal Family of Austria. After WW I it was confiscated by Britain and sold to Marconi. In 1943 it reached Trieste and became an Italian naval training ship. In WW II it was requisitioned by the Nazis and became a patrol vessel. In 1944, hit by aircraft machine gun fire, the yacht sank in the waters off Dalmatia and after 20 years the ship was raised and returned to Italy.

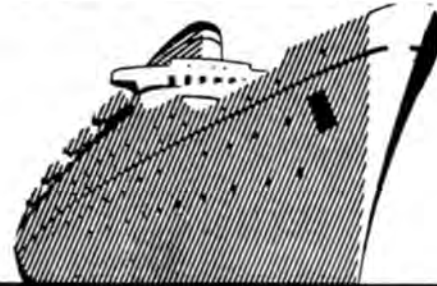
The yacht, which now belongs to the Italian Administration of Posts & Telecom, was sent to the shipbuilding yards to be divided into three parts. The prow will stay in Trieste. The part with the engines and boilers will be in the Venice museum and the rest in the "Telespace" museum of Fucion.

Translated from Esperanto as reported in "Interligilo", journal of the Posts & Telecom section of the Universal Esperanto Association, winter 1977. Furnished by J.E. Kitchin



# "FD"—A SAGA

BY—RALPH M. HEINTZ



*Frederick G. Roebuck*

176—SGP

When Fred Roebuck entered the world at Phoenix in the year 1900, he didn't have a silver spoon in his mouth or a wooden one either for that matter, but I'll bet that he cut his first tooth on a telegraph key.

The stage was already set, the skids were greased and pitched down-hill; his long love affair with operating was started, his destiny was preordained.

His father was a land wire operator and a good one! He was variously a railroad telegrapher, a train dispatcher and a commercial message handler. The Morse Code, relay and sounder were his life -- that and "Spanish" guitar playing.

Fred became an expert operator under his father's expert tutelage. Railroad short cuts and abbreviations, "Box Car" and Phillips, as well, as continental codes were as much of his life as breathing. Being born three years before the first "wireless" signals were pushed across the Atlantic Ocean it was only natural that Fred should move into the field of "wireless" which he did with gusto at the age of 12. He made all his own gear with the help of "Modern Electrics" and other Hugo Gernsback publications. He followed every twist and turn in the new and expanding science.

Fred's parents were far from young when he was born, so Fred's dad reached retirement early in Fred's life. The Roebuck family, together with Fred's gear and his father's guitar, were moved to Santa Barbara. There, Fred's father hung out his shingle as a teacher of guitar playing. He was good at it and became very much in demand, especially at Fiesta time.

I'm afraid that Fred had neither the ear for nor the love of the guitar. He did, though, put his heart and soul into wireless and with "Benny" Lopez and Paul Means went into a partnership and built 6AAK, a station that was soon radiating a potent signal in all directions, having graduated to vacuum tubes, amplifiers, and fancy antennas.

I'll leave Fred here now happily hamming with Benny and Paul while I go on with the story.

Fred had worked on a number of ships, which at that time, all used spark or arc transmitters and crystal or "tikker" detectors, or were supposed to, for patent reason but such poor devices were seldom used. Instead, each operator had a pet "bootleg" receiver which they sneaked aboard. These sets were homemade and used an "audiotron", Cunningham or other regenerative tube. Now they could receive standard ship spark and arc signals better but more importantly, could copy their 200 meter friends as well. Some ops even had 200 meter tube transmitters aboard--bootleg, of course.

It was some years after Fred went to sea that I first met him. I had a "wireless" shop on Mission Street in San Francisco. It was here that I was approached by Mr. M.R. Kellum who had just finished rebuilding a large four-masted lumber schooner--an enormous affair -- as a private yacht. He needed radio equipment and, of course an operator. He planned to cruise the South Seas for a couple of years, and visit the most remote islands and atolls.

It just happened that one of two concrete ships, the "Palo Alto" (or was it the "Peralta"?) was lying in the mud at the upper end of the Bay. When WWI was on, there was a shortage of wood and steel for building ships so some bright bureaucrat figured that concrete would be just fine. These ships weren't toys -- they were about 500 feet long! The lines were smooth, the ships looked beautiful and the appointments were excellent, even though the paint didn't stick very well.

It seems that what happened, was that the tug that was towing the ship from Hunter's Point to the upper end of the bay chafed a hole in the side of the "Stone Castle" (as it was called) and it sank into the mud.

What interested me was the radio gear -- a Simonds 2KW quenched spark transmitter, a 1420 receiver, a K&C 500 cycle MG, all in mint condition, all the trimmings went with it. I made an offer to the shipping board which was accepted and the equipment was transferred to the "Kaimiloa", the name chosen by the Kellums for the converted schooner.

The equipment was installed by Fred Mangelsdorf of the Ship Owners Radio Service, as I was not licensed to make ship installations. "Mac" McGowen, then radio inspector at San Francisco, told me about Fred and I offered him the job. It was what he was looking for so he sailed off into the sunset with the Kellums, six kids and a polyglot crew.

Since the spark set had limited range, it was months before I heard from Fred or the Kellums. Then a cable came from some place in the South Seas: "Build short wave -- long wave equipment. Meet me Honolulu month sig Kellum."

That was a tight schedule! I decided to build 500 watt gear covering 15 to 100 meters in a TPTG self-rectifying circuit using the KC 500 cycle MG for power. A second set covered 400 to 800 meters for the regular ship and the 800 meter compass frequencies.

We got all the gear together with no time to spare. Sophie, my XYL and Ralph, my son (about 5 years old) climbed aboard the "Golden State" (later "President Taft") and headed for HU and our rendezvous with Fred and the Kellums.

Fred was all smiles and anxious to hear about the new gear. When I told him about 15, 20 and 40 meters, his face clouded. "Can't you transmit over 200 meters?" was his first question. I told him we could get the 400 to 800 meter set down to 200 with a little fudging here and there. He still looked broken hearted. "How can I work my ham friends?" I tried to console him by telling him that short waves were the thing and that 200 meters was a "dead horse with flies all around". He still wouldn't believe me. Finally, I told him to break out the receiver and hook it up to the main ship's antenna. I put in the 40 meter coils, put the fones on his head and went back to work. I heard him mutter something. "What's this J mean ahead of this guy's call?" I told him that J meant Japan. "Japan" screamed Fred -- "you're nuts!" After hearing a few more countries, he kept the headphones glued to his ears till daybreak and then couldn't wait to get the transmitters on the air.

This proved to be more of a job than either of us figured. While I had brought a top-loaded vertical, the chore of hanging it from a yard arm and keeping the lead in wire from being tangled in the squarerigged's shrouds was a headache.

I had just read an article by Stuart Ballentine on harmonic long wires so decided to use the main ship's antenna. This worked fine except for Fred who was really unhappy this time. He had been an antenna meter worshipper all his wireless life and antenna currents of an amp or so from a 500 watt transmitter was too much for him to swallow. I told him that when the wave was shifted along a long wire, as the current went down, the voltage went up. With that, I drew a 4 inch arc from the plate coil. The plates were cool so at last Fred saw that the power was going "up the chimney" instead of staying in the set and heating the plates.

In no time at all, he had hooked all the foreigners he heard. A CQ brought a deluge of answers and in broad daylight! Fred was ecstatic. He talked with his ham friends stateside, in Europe and Australia. This was Heaven!

I had trouble getting him to quit so that we could clean out the haywire and clear out for home. My job was done.

The Kaimiloa's call letters, KFUH, became quickly known all over the world. Being the first "merchant" ship to carry "short wave" equipment there was not a single coastal station that could receive him anywhere. Nor had the Navy any short wave equipment until Fred Schnell installed a fifty watt on the USS Seattle with the call letters NRRL. The Seattle installation was made about the same time, in fact the Seattle was berthed next to the Kaimiloa in HU when we were installing the equipment. The two ships met several times in South Sea ports during their wanderings.

In passing, it is strange that the Merchant Marine and Navy overlooked the remarkable properties of short waves and ionospheric reflections and didn't get into the buggy until a long time after the hams were talking back and forth between almost any two points on the face of the earth.

Fred made thousands of contacts and hundreds through Bart Molinari (6AWT) and me that had to do with ship's business as well as the long remembered contacts with hams and other ships carrying bootleg ham equipment.

After two years of island hopping, the cruise finally came to an end and Fred came home. After two years away from so called civilization, he was frightened by the autos that sped along Market Street. He was actually fearful of crossing the street. I suggested that he come home with me for dinner which he did gratefully. After dinner, Sophie suggested that instead of going to Santa Barbara that night, he stay with us. He did -- and stayed 10 years.

I had interested George Hearst in radio and talked him into installing a 500 watt ham transmitter to supplement his radio page. This was the first radio equipment that the Hearst Empire installed. The ham call was 6ARD.

Later, the station became KUP and sent most welcome press to ships at sea. Fred's smooth fist and perfect transmissions were awaited eagerly for it was not only easy to copy but hot off the teletype actually reaching the ships before the papers reached the street. After the Examiner hitch, Fred became Chief Operator at KTK at Mussel Rock for Heintz and Kaufman, Ltd., and the Dollar Steamship Company. Later this operation became public as Globe Wireless, Ltd., with point-to-point at San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles, Garden City, New York, HU, Guam, Manila and Shanghai.

Fred finally became unhappy at the paper shuffling and begged to go back to his first love, operating point-to-point with Manila and Shanghai with a relay at Guam.

When the Globe Radio receiving station was moved to Skyline, Fred asked to be put on the Marine desk where he stayed until his retirement. KTK was (and still is) an outstanding station largely because of Fred's patience and courtesy.

After retirement, he became unhappy, lost and sick. He never touched a key again nor did he want to.

The radio operator's occupational hazard -- heavy smoking -- took its toll. He was tragically ill for years with asthma and emphysema. On March Sixteenth in the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Seventy Eight, "FD" died.

The Saga of Fred Roebuck is at an end. His wife, Margaret, predeceased him by a few weeks.

Ralph W6RH



USCG CUTTER TANEY HEADS FOR HOME PORT

# The End of an Era



-The U.S. Coast Guard cutter TANEY ended an era as the last cutter to operate on a U.S. Ocean U.S. Coast Guard Photo.

at the controls of the BERMUDA SKY QUEEN, had 62 passengers and a crew of 7 under his care. The lumbering aircraft encountered high headwinds. By the time the BERMUDA SKY QUEEN reached the Ocean Station that the cutter BIBB was manning--halfway between Labrador and Ireland--Captain Martin had passed the point of no return. To this was added the navigator's report that there was not enough fuel to make Gander.

Martin radioed the BIBB, which was fighting 30-ft waves. Captain Paul B. Cronk, Commanding Officer of the BIBB, ordered ditch and rescue stations set. Soon the crew was at their stations awaiting the BERMUDA SKY QUEEN: In a masterful show of airmanship, Martin ditched the big Boeing perfectly, and the plane's big triple rudders kept her from broaching (fig. 25).

Captain Cronk now had to somehow get the 69 passengers and crew out of the aircraft, through the 30-ft seas, and to safety aboard the BIBB. He first attempted to do this by lowering a pulling boat with a rubber raft in tow. As the boat approached the bobbing plane, the rubber raft was allowed to drift close to the aircraft, and the passengers would then leap into the raft and would be hauled to the pulling boat.

After many problems and just as darkness was falling, the first 16 passengers exited the plane. It became evident to Captain Cronk that if he attempted to retrieve everyone in the darkness and the heavy seas continued, there was a chance of injury. A decision was made to halt operations until daylight, unless the aircraft began to show signs of breaking up.

Morning brought subsiding seas, and rescue operations began again. At 0833 on October 15, 25 hr after the BERMUDA SKY QUEEN ditched, all passengers were safely aboard the BIBB--not a single life was lost.



Launching weather balloons was hazardous during high winds and seas.

Mariners Weather Log

## END OF AN ERA

Dennis L. Noble  
Ocean Operations Division  
U.S. Coast Guard Headquarters  
Washington, D.C.

Elwyn E. Wilson  
Environmental Data Service, NOAA  
Washington, D.C.

On September 30, 1977, the U.S. Coast Guard cutter TANEY (fig. 22) departed Ocean Weather Station Hotel enroute to her homeport of Portsmouth, Va. This sailing marked the end of a long history of U.S. Coast Guard/National Weather Service cooperation involving the manned U.S. Ocean Stations. The National Weather Service (formerly Weather Bureau) supplied the meteorological personnel and equipment.

The U.S. Ocean Station Program can trace its beginning to pre-World War II. Coast Guard officers Captain G. B. Gelly and Lieutenant D. E. McKay first became interested in the use of Coast Guard cutters to launch weather balloons. A series of experiments was conducted, some from Boston harbor and others from cutters on the International Ice Patrol in the North Atlantic, which showed the value to forecasters of weather information gathered at sea. Captain Gelly leaked the results of the tests to a friend who had the ear of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Shortly thereafter, late in 1939, Admiral Russel R. Waesche, Commandant of the Coast Guard, received instructions to set up a weather observation service in the North Atlantic. Surface weather reports normally transmitted by shipping ceased in 1939 with the war in Europe because of requirements for radio silence by the belligerent nations and withdrawal of U.S. shipping in the European trade.

## SERVICE BEGINS

Initially there were only two stations, one at 35.6°N, 53.3°W, and the other at 37.7°N, 41.2°W, each to be manned by a new, high-endurance-class cutter. Planners originally had worked out 3-week cruises within a 100-mi radius of a central point or station, but this was later revised to an area 210 mi square, divided into subareas 10 mi to a side. The cutters, in addition to providing weather for forecasting, also gave valuable enroute weather information and navigational fixes for new transoceanic flights. The first cutters, BIBB and DUANE, arrived on station on February 10, 1940, with weathermen and meteorological equipment aboard (fig. 23). Surface and upper air meteorological observations were recorded and transmitted along with sea conditions and other oceanographic parameters. Launching of the upper air sounding balloons (fig. 24) was difficult and dangerous during high winds and rough seas.

## WAR CLOUDS

As war clouds gathered over Europe, air traffic increased with large numbers of combat and cargo aircraft attempting to bring help to an embattled Britain. By December 7, 1941, a third station was functioning; and when the war in Europe ended, 16 stations were operating in the North Atlantic. The total number of stations, including special stations for the Normandy invasion and those operated by other countries, reached a high of 22 during the war.

Ocean Stations in the Pacific expanded as rapidly as did those in the Atlantic. By the end of the war there were 24 stations operating.

In 1946 the United States joined the International Civil Aviation Organization and worked for the continuation of the Ocean Stations in peacetime. One of the purposes of the Ocean Stations was to provide a search-and-rescue capability over the long stretches of ocean. Seven years after steaming out to the first station, the cutter BIBB proved the wisdom of this planning.

## DITCHING OF

## "BERMUDA SKY QUEEN"

On October 13, 1946, a large four-engine Boeing 314 Clipper took off from Ireland bound for Gander, Newfoundland, on a charter flight. Captain Martin,

## CREDIT—END OF AN ERA

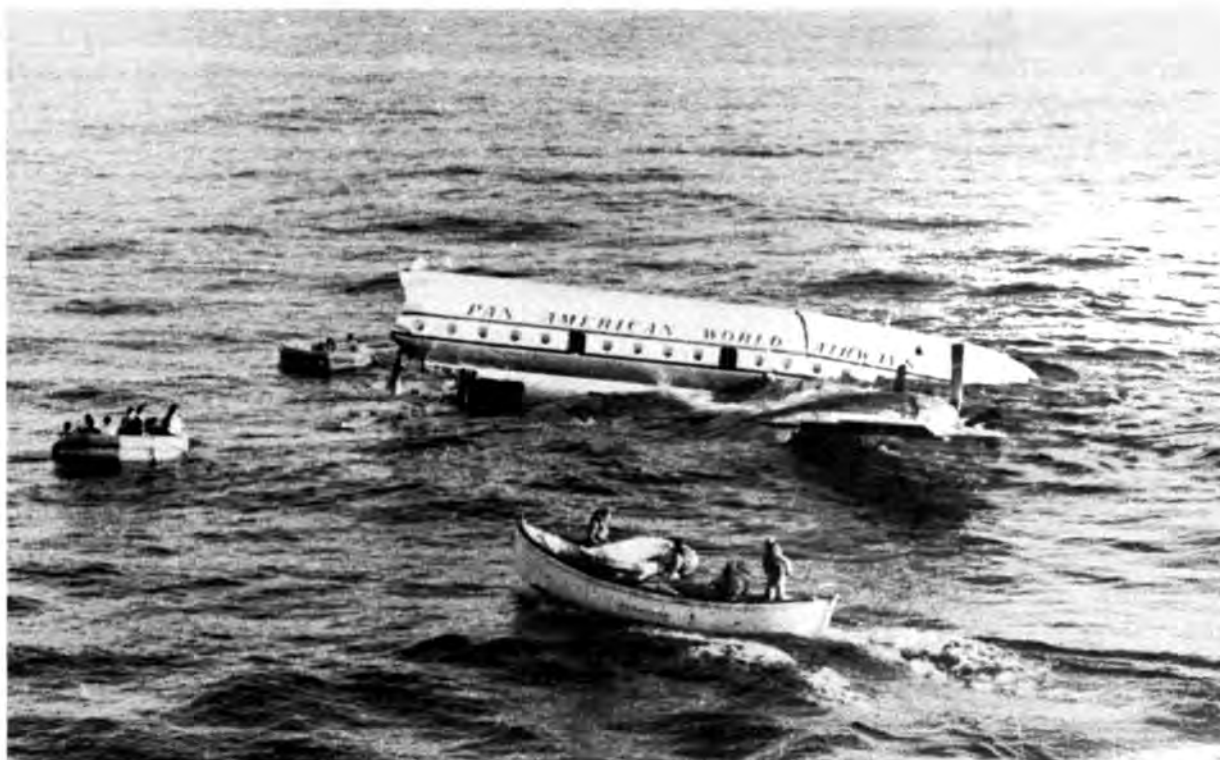
We thank and credit the Editor of the Mariners Weather Log, published by Nat'l Oceanic and Atmospheric Adm. for permission to republish article "End of an Era" by Messrs. Dennis L. Noble of the USCG and Elwyn E. Wilson, Environmental Data Service, NOAA. Photographs used were official USCG photos and National Space Technological Laboratories.



The BERMUDA SKY QUEEN ditched near the cutter BIBB. Pulling boat from the BIBB setting out to reach the QUEEN. U.S. Coast Guard Photo.



## SOVEREIGN OF THE SKIES DITCHES IN PACIFIC



A lifeboat from the USCGC PONTCHARTRAIN speeds to the aid of survivors of the broken, sinking "SOVEREIGN OF THE SKIES" moments after ditching. USCG Photo.

Nine years later on October 19, 1956, a similar drama was played out on Ocean Station November about halfway between Honolulu and San Francisco. On this fateful day a Pan American Clipper, the SOVEREIGN OF THE SKIES, ditched alongside the cutter PONTCHARTRAIN. The aircraft broke in half, but fast work by the clipper's crew got all of the passengers into rubber rafts (fig. 26). Almost as soon as the plane hit the water, PONTCHARTRAIN's small boats were churning toward the sinking aircraft. Once again, because a Coast Guard cutter was on Ocean Station duty, everyone aboard lived to tell the tale.

Such rescues highlighted one of the important jobs of the Ocean Stations and lent an air of excitement to the duty. The duty for the most part, however, was far from glamorous. Weather was rarely calm, and about the only diversions for the crew were movies, volleyball games when the weather permitted, reading, and card games.

As years passed stations were added, dropped, or changed as technology requirements and funding dictated. By late 1950 and into the 60's the Coast Guard manned four stations in the Atlantic and two in the Pacific. Interestingly, it was changing technology that brought about the demise of the stations. Weather and communication satellites offered a means to obtain data at reduced effort. Aircraft also changed. When Ocean Stations first started, piston-driven aircraft flew at low altitudes and, thus, were affected by weather. However, by the late 60's high-flying, fast jet aircraft were capable of long ranges and were not greatly affected by weather. In other words, at the higher altitudes the more reliable aircraft ceased to need the services of the floating stations. By the end of June 1974 the Coast Guard had stopped all of its former stations except one, Ocean Weather Station Hotel.

Ocean Weather Station Hotel was the youngest of the floating weather stations. Its original location about 200 mi east of the Maryland-Virginia coast was re-established in 1970 as part of a supplemental weather program for the tracking and improved forecasting of East Coast storms and hurricanes. The station was manned from August 1 through April 15 each year. The European community still operates four stations in the North Atlantic, and Canada and Japan each have one station in the North Pacific.

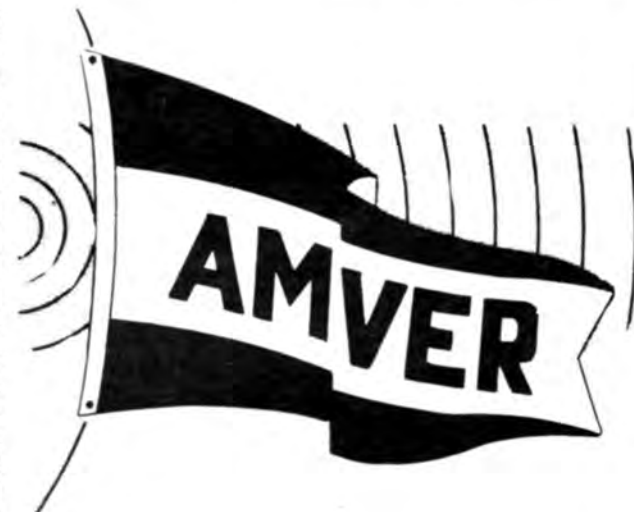
Funds for the operation of Coast Guard cutters on Ocean Weather Station Hotel were deleted from the Fiscal Year 1978 budget. To compensate for the loss of manned station weather data, NOAA will now use increased aerial weather reconnaissance, meteorological satellites, and new deep-ocean environmental buoys.

## OCEAN WEATHER BUOYS

In addition to the operational value of the observations to the weather analyst and forecaster, these relatively fixed stations provided measured long-term point data for use in many climatological atlases and statistical studies, such as the extremes, persistence and variability of winds in both speed and direction, height of waves, visibility, sea and air temperatures, and so forth, with their daily and seasonal fluctuations. The stationary buoys will continue to provide this same type of long-time point data base. The Mariners Weather Log has published climatological summaries and gale observations of Ocean Weather Station data since 1957. Ocean buoy summaries were added in 1975, and with this issue buoy data will be added to the "Selected Gale and Wave Observations."

The U.S. Coast Guard cutter ACUSHNET deployed EB-07 (now 44007) at 39°N, 70°W, on September 21, 1977, to assume part of the new meteorological data collection duties (fig. 27). This discus-shaped buoy (40 ft diameter) will record and transmit surface weather data automatically and is designed to remain on station for 3 yr. EB-07 is 1 of 10 environmental buoys in the North Atlantic. Five of these are north of Cape Hatteras. Coast Guard cutters will provide continuing support of these environmental buoys in accordance with an interagency agreement with NOAA.

With the departure of the cutter TANEY, a history of manned Ocean Weather Stations that stretched over a 37-yr period came to an end, thus bringing to a close another era of Coast Guard and Weather Service history



EB-07 is the new platform that will collect meteorological data near the old station Hotel.



The U.S. Coast Guard cutter BBBB, one of the first cutters to man Ocean Stations, as she appears today. U.S. Coast Guard Photo.



# Have some Levity with your Longevity



## Up Where the North Commences

By L. S. (SPUD) HENDERSON  
S.S. Derby, Point Hope, Alaska

Howdy Gang!

I thought perhaps a report of reception and general information on the run "North of the Circle" would be of interest to the boys in the Sunny South. So here goes.

This yacht is a combination freight and passenger steamer of the Alaska Steamship Co. It is Mackay controlled and carries freight and passengers from Seattle to points in the Bering Sea, Norton Sound, St. Lawrence Island, Kotzebue Sound, and the Arctic Ocean. R. L. "Dick" Sadler, an oldtimer who has been out of the game for some time, and myself, taking turns at manipulating the rock crusher and cussing dead spots up here on the "roof." We sailed from Seattle June tenth and are due back—eventually.

Nothing of interest occurred on the run to Unalaska; reception was very good and short-wave stations were found on every point of the dial. After leaving the pass and galloping north through the Bering Sea, we started to lose some of the Eastern short-wave stations but KUP and KTK remained reliable on their evening schedule until in the vicinity of Nome. From then on, due to about twenty-three hours per day of sunshine, we had to wait for the early morning press schedules.

Our first call on Norton Sound was Golovin, where we anchored several days and lighted cargo. Not much of interest there except that it is a large reindeer station. Some of the boys made a collection of antlers and spent several nights with the sandpaper and shellac—also thinking up yarns of, "When I shot this specimen, etc." After leaving Golovin, we went to Bluff, Nome, St. Michael, Unalakleet, and back to Nome. Nothing startling happened en route except that someone opened up and greeted us via spark coil, keeping his "QRA" a secret. Nome is pretty dead now, about one-fourth of the buildings being occupied. The residents spend their time spinning yarns about the good old days. Tex Rickard's old resort is now a grocery store and most of the other highlights of the gold rush days are dimmed accordingly.

There still is plenty of "ruby sand" around Nome and a person with enough ambition and time can easily make wages panning it out. Many of the oldtimers perch in the sun alongside their tar paper shacks and turn out six or seven dollars

a day, so it's there all right. (I could say more but will let it go at six or seven bucks per, because I never wrote advertisements for a radio school.)

Went from Nome to Savoonga, which is on the north coast of St. Lawrence Island. It is an interesting place. The island is run on a co-operative basis; everybody chips in and all hands get a split on the returns. They have a large herd of reindeer, which they take turns herding. Uncle Sam credits them with so much per head and this, along with what they can gather in the line of furs and money from old ivory peddled to an occasional white man, gives them a fair income. Due to the fact that ice carries away everything that is carryable up here, there are no docks north of Unalaska. Ships anchor out in the bay, anywhere from three to fifteen miles offshore, and all freight and passengers go ashore via barge or gas boat. The Bering Sea and Arctic waters are very shallow, generally. In Savoonga, the natives did the lightering; they have skin boats powered with outboard motors to do work with. The skins of fur seals are blown full of air and used for fenders alongside. All in all, the Savoonga crowd were very efficient and discharged cargo in nearly nothing flat. We had bad weather there, which slowed them up a bit.

From Savoonga, we went to Gambell, on the northwest tip of St. Lawrence Island. From Gambell, the mountains in Siberia loomed up very plainly. There was considerable drift ice and very little loafing was done on the weather side of the ship.

The whole island is more or less of a co-operative affair. The men from Gambell came to help discharge at Savoonga, so we had to haul them back with us. Believe me when these natives travel—they travel—bag and baggage. We had a fine assortment of natives, sleds, kyaks, outboard motors and sled dogs aboard, and evidently we were as interesting to them as they were to us; at least much curiosity was shown as to how the ship was run, and the crew didn't seem a bit bashful getting the dope on native life in the Far North.

From Gambell, we went to Teller, running through quite heavy ice en route. Teller is a reindeer station. There is also some mining and fox farming. A person can buy Arctic (white) fox here.

From Teller, we went to Wales, right

across the straits from St. Lawrence Bay, Siberia. We weren't there long on account of bad weather. The Siberian coast loomed up very prominently on the horizon from here. Next in line was Deering, in Kotzebue Sound. We crossed the Arctic Circle and rounding Cape Esponberg, recrossed it southbound en route to Deering. We lay offshore at Deering and discharged freight. Nothing out of the ordinary here. We went from Deering to Keewalik, which is on Kotzebue Sound, south of Kotzebue and east of Deering. While at Keewalik the S.S. Arthur J. Baldwin was at Elephant Point, about ten miles away, and we had great sport trying to determine who could hear Nome on schedule—generally it was a game of "button, button, who's got the button," only we used "WXY" instead of a button. But we were lucky and both of us cleared every schedule. Keewalik is a VERY dead spot.

From Keewalik the next hop was to Kotzebue. We ran through large fields of ice and had great sport running into blind leads. Getting close enough to lighter (15 miles out), we stayed in Kotzebue two weeks and some of us got ashore to see the village. I was lucky and was stormbound (no not from the local panther fizz either!) ashore for a week. The populace consists of about 300 natives, 30 whites, 1500 sled dogs and one Ford truck. The natives were in, laying up a winter supply of fish. The main street was lined with salmon and various parts of animals being dried in the sun, to be made into chow-chow; clothing, boats, houses and even the intestines of whales and walrus were being dried to make transparent windows.

Next in line was Kivalina, where we had a snowstorm on July 31st! From Kivalina we went to Point Hope, which is above 68 north latitude. After taking a look out of a porthole and getting a whiff of the local zephyrs, I came to the conclusion that it's about four miles north of the North Pole.

While at Savoonga, the Union Oil tanker Cathwood (KURC) came up to Nome. When I first heard his call up in this neck of the woods, I thought we were off KFS. (of course we still were inside the city limits of Los Angeles), but at the same time I glanced out of the shack and saw an iceberg wedged under the gangway, so know we hadn't drifted that far south.

All traffic up in this end of the "stratosphere" is handled through U. S. Signal Corps stations; WXY at Nome is the most reliable station. We wish to thank Winships, at Candle (WNN), and Dowd, at Kotzebue, (WXW), for being right on the job and giving us much dope on ice, the weather and various aids in handling cargo.

Kotzebue and Candle are small one-man stations in line between Nome (WXY) and Point Barrow (WNB), and handle all communications from this region.

Worked three schedules with Nome, where Durant and "KID" Burroughs did their stuff, fishing our weak signals out of the mess of Russian sparks and pops of QRN. The boys certainly were reliable and did fine work. We were never forced to hold any traffic over from one schedule to the next, and they were always on the minute—except when round-the-world flights were THE thing, during these flights, Nome was kept busy handling news flashes, etc., but even so, the operators always found time to take our TR and messages between take-offs.

We are leaving Point Hope this morning—maybe that explains the strains of "St. Louis Blues" mingled with "California Here I Come," drifting up past the radio shack from the galley—two months between docks gets to be quite a drag on a person's sense of humor.

Signals on 600 are as scarce as honest politicians, up here. The country starts to get a person down after a while. A month or so of watching the sun run circles overhead throughout the twenty-four hours and you finally get wise to yourself and go to bed—no use waiting for it to get dark to turn in because if you do it's a case of staying up until October. This midnight sun is a balmy proposition any way you look at it—it isn't right.

We would have been completely out of luck if I hadn't been for our short-wave receiver (Aero adapter). All news, weather reports and time signals were fished out of the various parts of the globe. For time signals, we had to depend on Los Banos, P. I., (NPO), at 3:00 a.m. Nome time. We held NAA and the USA stations for weather and time until the ship entered the Arctic Ocean, from then on it was impossible to read short-wave stations from the States before midnight. KTK at 5:00 a.m., and KUP at 1:00 a.m., are reliable, however, and KAA, Manila, at 8:00 a.m., is O.K., but his press is old. There are many dead spots for 600, and short-wave signals fade. Russian broadcasting stations on short-wave are FB.

I picked up an SOS from the Russian ship "Tchoukotka" (RAFU), QRB 200 miles, July 31st, but he gave all his troubles in Russian—of which language I only know two words, "vodka" and "dobrii wecher," so his distress call didn't do anybody much good. He signed off the distress call in English, however, saying "so for now, goodbye radio fans"—bt—wonder who that program was sponsored by?

(Continued on Page 29)

## The Haunted Tug

By GILSON VANDERVEER WILLETS \*

In static rooms from Boston to Jacksonville, in fact, wherever wireless operators gathered in 1916, the chief topic of conversation along the Atlantic seaboard was the ghost of the Astral.

The gossip was not only confined to verbal discussions on shore. It first reached my ears during the night watches at sea on a crack Cuban mail liner en route to New York. When traffic was light, wireless men from Key West to Bar Harbor cut down the power of their transmitters and swapped the latest news concerning the Astral's mysterious ghost. I intercepted several such conversations every night. By the time we reached Scotland Light Ship I had the heebie jeebies.

As soon as our ship docked, I hastened into shore clothes and took a taxi to the Marconi office on Duane Street. There I found a lugubrious gathering of wireless men who ordinarily would be singing songs and making merry.

The minute I entered the static room I sensed that something was amiss. . . . a cold chill of premonition swept over me and somehow I anticipated that the looks of dolorous import cast upon me by my brethren had something to do with the Astral.

I looked into old and familiar faces, but nobody spoke. These, my friends, pals of many a voyage, avoided my eyes. What could be amiss? Then Becker, a stanch old comrade, announced:

"The boss wants to see you. . . ."  
"Yeh, what of it?" I asked. "I have to report in every trip, don't I? What's all this gloom about?"

"He wants an operator for. . . ."  
"The Astral!" I finished for him. "OK, I'll take the job if he insists."

I turned and entered the marine superintendent's office. My seniority rights on the big mail liner precluded, I thought, any possibility of being transferred to the Astral.

"You!" snapped the boss. "Give me your abstracts. Never mind checking up. Take this: here, hurry over to Long Island City and report aboard the tug Astral. She's at the oil docks."

I guess I looked dumb. The unwritten law of the company was that to refuse an assignment, especially a special rush assignment like this, meant instant dismissal. The boss was a good fellow at heart. . . . He leaned back in his chair and explained: "You know Simmons? Well, he deserted the Astral in Norfolk. She came back to New York without an operator. The oil

company is up in the air. They said to send the best man we have. . . . a young fellow who isn't superstitious. Are you?"

"No, I'll go."

"And listen, I just heard that the whole crew deserted when she reached New York. There must be something funny about that tug. . . . and you are to stay aboard her until something is explained. Hear that!"

When I re-entered the "static room," a score of curious faces turned my way. They saw a slip of paper in my hand. It was an official assignment to the Astral. Some one snatched it from me, read it and handed it back. I expected them to say something. On the contrary, the men about the room became strangely silent.

I gathered up my bags and started to leave. They all followed me to the elevators and there bade me farewell in such a lugubrious manner that I could not help feeling that some unknown fate awaited me aboard the famous tug.

On my way to Long Island City, I mentally reviewed all I had heard concerning my new job. The Astral had been launched some years before to tow barges laden with oil from port to port along the Atlantic coast. She was an enormous two-stacker and unquestionably sea-worthy. Ill luck had followed her since the day she first floated.

On her maiden voyage a wireless operator had been washed overboard. The man who relieved him was hit by the frayed end of a steel towing hawser that snapped during a storm. Then three men succumbed to malaria, undoubtedly contracted when the big tug anchored off the marshes near Georgetown, South Carolina. A year after that the real trouble started. Both officers and men reported seeing a ghost on board.

On the voyage the ghost was first seen. The tug was bound for Brunswick, Georgia. When she arrived there half the crew deserted without their pay. When questioned by company officials the captain admitted that strange things had happened, but he could not give any plausible reasons for them.

A new crew was shipped and the Astral continued down the coast to Jacksonville. It was only a short trip, but the new crew deserted as soon as she reached port. Again men were recruited and the Astral steamed up the coast to New York. Upon arrival the whole crew, including the chief engineer and captain, asked for discharges or transfers. These were granted because the

wireless weather report from Boston Light Ship. It informed us that there was a thick fog off Cape Cod, so the Astral scurried into Vineyard Haven, arriving there at dusk.

Every man on board, except the engineer and myself, went ashore. We two sat on the top deck smoking our pipes and discussing the ghost.

"Yes, Sparks, there's somethin' strange about this tug," admitted my companion, "but 'tain't ghosts! I think it's. . . ."

A horrible, prolonged screech, like a woman in death agony, interrupted him. I became rigid and chills crept up my spine. My pipe dropped from my teeth when I beheld a wraith-like cloud rising over the top deck rails. My companion, with an oath, lunged towards the apparition.

His arms met nothing. He tripped over the rail and plunged overboard.

The white cloud seemingly drew apart when he plunged. It appeared to follow him right down to the water.

Every nerve in my body was tingling. I was very frightened. Duty compelled me to approach the rail and peer down into the swirling waters.

What I saw completely unnerved me. The white thing was there. . . . shrieking and wailing like ten thousand mad demons. About the spot where the chief had fallen, the white mass had divided itself into scores of long tentacles. These stretched out over the water, flattening to the surface.

Suddenly, through the wraith I saw a hand, a clutched hand raise. . . . it seemed to be beckoning to me. I vaulted over the rail and let myself down to the maindeck by a scupper. As I reached the deck the white cloud arose from the water and enveloped me. . . . I was terrified!

I waved my arms to get rid of it. . . . It encircled me still closer. It had a peculiar odor. . . . in some ways strangely familiar. At the time I could not place it.

"I'm coming chief. . . . where are you?" I shouted, leaning over the rail and peering through the petoplastic body of that thing. I wondered how it came that although it enveloped me, I was not harmed.

Above the continuous blood-curdling screeches that seemingly came from the surface of the water I thought I heard the booming voice of the old chief. . . .

There was nothing else to do. . . . I leaped overboard into the chill waters. It seemed that the instant I touched the surface some invisible force commenced propelling me away from the tug. The howling of the monster was right in my ears. . . . it was deafening.

"Chief, chief, where are you?" I shouted with all the lung-power I could command.

The noise was terrific. I could not have heard a cannon if it had been right near me. I strove to swim towards the ship and something, almost like steam, blinded me and pushed me backwards.

I nearly died of terror when something grabbed my foot. I shouted "Help," and the next minute was fighting an invisible opponent who wriggled from my grasp and shouted:

"Damn it, Sparks! Cut it out. . . . it's me!"

The chief's voice. He beckoned me to follow and we swam between the piles under the dock. Presently we waded ashore.

The chief gave me a dirty look when we reached the glow of a single electric light that lit our Haven dock:

"You're a great dampfool!" he remarked.

"For what?" I demanded angrily.

"Being scared of ghosts. I told you there ain't no ghosts. When I hit the water I discovered what our ghost friend was. . . ."

"Well, spill it!"

"There's a leaky steam valve on an exhaust line that ends just under the Astral's rolling bilges on the port side. See, there it is!"

We were approaching the tug and he pointed to a white cloud that arose from her sides. As we looked, it disappeared.

"She's all blown-off, son," he explained.

"You see, I swam around down there in the water and discovered what it was. That valve only lets off steam at a certain pressure. It shoots up under the rolling chocks where some barnacles have formed a sort of cup. The result is just like a steam siren. I'll fix it tomorrow and this here company won't have to be employin' any new crews on account of haunts."

\* Silent Key - Jan. 7 1976





## A Song of Wireless

Tah-daah-dah-dah, the king am I, the monarch of today;  
O'er earth and air and sea and sky, I hold unquestioned sway  
My Mercury-shaming couriers spring up from every clime,  
Turn night to day, and laugh away the threats of Father Time  
From Eiffel's lofty reaches,  
To Poldhu's lonely beaches,  
From Sayville down to Arlington, across to Frisco town,  
Honolulu, Yokohama  
From proud old Fujiyama  
To Hong Kong and Vienna, men do homage to my crown.



Tah-daah-dah-dah, the superposed gray bulldogs of the sea;  
Loose triple-gun damnation at a word of code from me.  
My crackling spark gaps guide aloft the swooping aeroplane,  
And far below, with decks awash, the deadly submarine,  
They solve the ether's mystery  
They write the page of history.  
And when, a thousand miles at sea, comes sudden grim distress,  
Trim liners melt their funnels,  
Lazy trampers drown their gunnels,  
As they speed "Four bells," in answer to my ringing S. O. S.



Tah-daah-dah-dah, I tell the world of sorrow and of mirth,  
With Wall Street stock quotations flanked by news of death and birth  
My messages are broadcast—seek not a chosen few,  
But fall alike upon the ears of Christian, Pagan, Jew.  
I span the racing oceans,  
Safe from their wild emotions,  
And I flout the booming breaker as he rages far below;  
I join the hands of nations,  
In firm, newborn relations;  
I unify the universe; I'm king—King Radio.

—V. C. Jewel in *Leslie's*.

## An Idyl of KPH

By Edward Walden

HE was being broken in for the third trick at KPH. Everything was new and interesting and he listened with close attention to the instructions of the regular operator. With delightful anticipation he looked forward to the time when he would be alone and in charge.

The hours wore away. Press was finished, the trans-Pacific boats had cleared and as he sat listening in with the other operator his mind had an opportunity to dwell on the other side of the picture.

A howling southeaster was blowing, shaking the building and straining the cables which held it on the hillside. He began to think that perhaps he would not fancy being alone in that isolated place in the dead of night. When he thought of that long black box in the little back room he concluded that this was well named the "graveyard watch." Why had they put the transformer in a case so suggestive of our last and final habitation? He could not get it out of his mind.

Suddenly he was startled to find that he was alone. Only one pair of phones was connected in and that pair was on his own head. Evidently he was the operator in charge. The wind had subsided and everything was still. The door to the little back room was open and the thought of that long black box came to his mind. He heard the cracking of wood and knew instinctively that a figure was emerging from the transformer case. A shuffling sound, a footstep and an aged man stood in the doorway. Reassured by his harmless appearance, the young operator asked him what business brought him to the station. The visitor pointed to the phones and said:

"With those instruments, you hear the signals which your ears cannot discern, but I have a pair of glasses which will enable your eyes to see the sparks as they fly through space."

He took a pair of dark colored spectacles from his pocket and handing them to the young man said:

"Come outside and put them on."

Stepping out into the clear starlit night the operator adjusted the glasses and instantly the sky was filled with balls and streaks of fire. As he looked more closely he observed that they moved in trains in different directions. There was a brilliant series coming over Twin Peaks from the north, both balls and bars looked to be a foot in diameter and followed one another at irregular inter-

vals. He soon realized that the balls were dots and the bars dashes and found that he could read them.

He spelled out:

"Don't x JJC msg's. can cpy direct. KET"

Turning to the East, the plain covered by Berkeley and Oakland was a series of small spouting craters. He read a few of them, but they all seemed the same:

"How is my spark. Where are you located please."

Coming over the Berkeley hills was a scintillating continuous streak of pulsating fire which he could make nothing of. The old man noticed his perplexity and handing him another pair of glasses said:

"Try these. The alternations are too rapid for the pair you have on." The young man changed the glasses and saw the continuous streak as balls and bars connected by a hazy arc. He read:

"We lsn fer u at 6 am—WGG"

He changed the glasses again and looking South was confused at the numerous trains of flying sparks. He tried to read them and this is what he got:

"Arrivals Nera at 50 lbs cabin coffee ten cases milk-clear nw 1 48—we know you are brainless or you would not interfere with a commercial station—terribly lonely without you—two gunners mates second class ten ordinary—903 miles south—hatch no 5 764 bags coffee—ten pound boy—flag fgyq, drtw, fynt, brqx."

He gave it up and turned seaward. A number of the fiery trains from the West were traveling slowly; evidently their force was spent. He read one, "RAS de JOC," just before it dropped into the sea.

Looking up at the aerial above his head he found it curious to watch the balls and bars strike the wire and run down the leads like billiard markers. Four balls followed by two balls now struck the aerial but instead of following the leads down, they clung for a moment then dropped on his head. He felt himself clutched violently by the arm and the voice of the regular operator said with a growl:

"The first thing to learn on this watch is to stay awake."

## FATHER TIME

Dear God, I'm no longer Vernal  
Is Father Time a Friend or Foe?  
This question springs eternal  
Perhaps it's not for us to know  
As a Devil he is infernal

As the years passed by  
He has smiled on me  
And then in manner sly  
With seemingly idle glee  
He has made my loved ones die

Is there anything that one can do  
To forestall Father Time?  
Or is it just our fate to rue  
One's future so sublime?  
The years now seem so few!

The Bible's promise to us  
Of three score years and ten  
I've reached this count, with plus  
So now I wonder if and when  
I'll go with little fuss?

To meet those who have gone before  
When called by Father Time  
For only God can know the score  
Or the reason, or the rhyme  
Or does it matter any more?

Father Time must think I am Daff'  
But I will just wait and see  
Or listen for his hearty laugh  
For it is now quite clear to me  
He is going to write my Epitaph.....

— Roy R. Maxson

October, 1931

"CQ"

### Up Where the North Commences

(Continued from page 28)

Don't pay too much attention to this epistle, four years in Asia and a few seasons up here will do this to anybody. I have been spending my summers, for the past three years, vacationing up in the great north countrees—just grazing among the mountain sheep and caribou in South-western Alaska. This year, because civilization has wiped out our last frontier (and has increased the price per quart) I came a little farther into the frigid regions. We are three hours behind coast time up here, but that isn't so bad when you stop to consider that all our time is shipped up from Ketchikan by dog sled. In the olden days (daze?) they were four or five days behind—in fact, sometimes Tuesday of one week wouldn't roll around 'til between Thursday and Friday of the following week many's the time there would be two Sundays in forty-eight hours. As it is, we have 27 hours each day; because, after it is midnight in Ballard, we still have three hours more watch to stand before we can add an "x" to the calendar.

Ye Arctic is getting entirely too crowded, too modern; in fact, things are moving too fast for us old sourdoughs (a'hem). One expects, almost, to find a traffic cop at each street corner (providing there was a street corner to be found). A few years ago a feller could spend a nice quiet summer up here, unmolested. You could relax, meditate and grow whiskers. Those days are gone, blotted out along with the dodo bird and vacancies for sea-going operators. Now, just about the time you get your face all fixed for an enjoyable siesta some trans-Pacific aviator drops down 'longside to borrow a quart of oil, pack of Chesterfields—or to find out if there's any truth in the rumor that Seattle won a ball game. Nope, Alaska ain't what she used to was; not with all these round-the-world fliers, trans-Pacific non-stop, non-refueling, non-take-off boys hopping around, or threatening to hop. We've even rigged an awning to keep the Graf Zeppelin from dumping dish-water on us—and some of the boys have slept, for weeks, with one eye open, calmly expecting Sir Hubert's "Nautilus" to pop up under our bow and offer us a case of Johnny Walker. Wouldn't be surprised to see an elder duck overhead, flying with one wing and carrying a parachute under the other. Everything's gone air-minded up here. Sled dogs used to turn 'round-and-'round packing the snow before they'd lie down—not any more, no sree, if they can't make a neat three point landing they'll stand up all night!

Mosquitoes? Oh yes, we have one or two up here. You can realize after seeing an Arctic mosquito why there aren't more of

them—because of their size, there isn't room for many. One night one hovered around the ship, shutting out the sun for several hours. He finally decided the doors were too small for him to get in, so he left. Don't try to fool an Alaska mosquito—you may do it once, but never again—when that "skeeter" left the ship he returned an hour or so later with a little one in tow (the young one was only about the size of a scouting plane). The little fellow would go in the rooms and bite a member of the crew, then he would squeeze out the door and the other mosquito would bite him! Their fur is prime in Sept-ober in this district.

You should hear the harmonies when four or five hundred of these huskies start howling!

Speaking of beat notes reminds me; we were troubled with induction, at first, but soon overcame that with the aid of a brain-storm and a correspondence course in radio engineering. We found the induction was steady, loud and extremely reliable throughout the twenty-four hours, so why waste it? We don't—we use it for an oscillator—converting the "de Forest special" into a heterodyne by mixing the incoming signals with the induction (which the engineers are so thoughtful in supplying). We then read the resultant "beat note," and it beats most folks to see how we do it. (They don't know we learned radio in 30 days without lessons, without books, without even an alibi—and then spent months turning down b-i-g p-a-y jobs by the thousand.) The only drawback to our super-boloney-dyne receiver is it is a complicated affair, taking two men to operate it. One operator is busy adjusting the gap in the lead-in + to keep the signals from getting too loud; the other man has to "QRX" every few minutes to empty the drip pan under the grid leak.

Nome using four kilowatts kicks out about 25 amps on 600, but his signals after being pushed over 300 miles of tundra and icebergs and strained through our one-tube anti-flareback, triple expansion, non-tunable receiver causes a pulsation in the phones almost equal in volume to a bee's sneeze. Durant and Burroughs, however, are gentlemen and scholars, never once have they failed to tell us the little white lie—"QSA FB"—'tis a blessing there are some good reliable fibbers left on the globe.


We were off Savoonga over the Fourth of July. They melted the ice out of the Lyle gun and had fireworks, but we had to fire it in the engineroom—in order to hear it—otherwise, the sound would have frozen before it reached the muzzle.

Well it's time for "KUP" now boys—so QSK and 73 'til next time.


Ye Fellow-sufferer—

L. S. (SPUD) HENDERSON.






**S O S**



**JACK PHILLIPS**



**F. J. KUEHN**

"S O S"—Unspoken anguish  
Wings the message o'er the waves!  
While men's spirits droop and languish  
Facing death in watery graves!


But the hero's soul, afire,  
Brooks no thought of death or fear;  
His the one, the sole desire  
That the sister ship shall hear.

Hear him call! and swiftly heeding,  
Answer his persistent calls—  
"Save our people," he keeps pleading—  
Pleading!—Then the silence falls.


Speed the rescuers; and tireless  
Snatch their brethren from the deep!  
While the hero at the wireless  
Rests now in immortal sleep.

There's another meaning dwelling  
In those letters "S O S";  
"Sons of succor," they are spelling  
Heroes of the wireless.


CHARLES J. MASON.




**DONALD PERKINS**




**HENRY E. LOGAN**




**W. SEDDON**



**C. I. PENNINGTON**



**JACK BURGESS**



**ROBERT EMMET**

**DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF ALL THE WIRELESS HEROES**

# STRADA'S WIRELESS

by F.A. Hassler



AND who was Strada? The writer has tried to find out. All he knows is that the great Scottish Judge, Lord Kames (1696-1782), in his "Elements of Criticism," wrote that "Strada's Belgic History is full of poetical images, which, discording with the subject, are unpleasant, and they have a still worse effect, by giving an air of fiction to a genuine history." The rest of his remarks upon the Belgic historian do not concern us at this time.

From March 1st, 1711, to December 6th, 1712, the English people were daily instructed and amused by "The Spectator," which was conducted by Joseph Addison and Sir Richard Steele. A copy of the first edition of this work published in this country lies before me and in the number for December 6th, 1711, I read as follows:

"Strada, in one of his prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two of several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner."

Then we are told that these two friends each made dial-plates exactly alike, having letters of the alphabet instead of numbers upon their surface, and arranged the needles in a manner similar to the hands of a clock. These needles were placed on pivots so that they could move easily and point to any letter desired. No matter how many miles the friends were separated they could converse by simply moving the needles to any letter they wished.



**"Time is the most valuable thing a man can spend."**

*Theophrastus.*



## SPARKS

(Reprinted from *The Compass*, Socony Mobil Oil Company's Magazine of the Sea.)

OF ALL the brave men, known and unknown, who gave their lives in World War II, none are more deserving of the word "hero" than those radio operators of the world's merchant marine who stayed at their posts, sending out calls for help while their vessels sank beneath them. Their heroic deeds, though well known, have never been fully acknowledged.

For example, there's the story of Andrew Tocco, "Sparks," of the *Alcoa Pathfinder*. On the 22nd of November, 1912, at 0110 and about 30 miles south of Lourenco Marques, his heavily laden ship was torpedoed. The "fish" hit abeam the engine room killing all hands on watch below. As the ship began to sink rapidly, Tocco ran to the radio shack, turned on the auxiliary power and commenced sending out an SOS with the *Pathfinder's* position. He must have realized how small his chances of survival were but still he carried on. The ship sank in five minutes. Tocco went down with it, still trying to obtain assistance.

The Liberty ship *Melville Stone* was steaming through the Caribbean with a load of copper, tungsten and vanadium when two torpedoes hit her at 0100, November 21st, 1913. One torpedo washed out the engine room and all the lights. Radio operator Peter A. Carrier turned on the emergency power in the radio shack and began sending out the ship's position. Captain Lawrence J. Gallagher stood beside the instrument panel holding a flashlight so that Carrier could speed his job.

In six minutes the heavily laden *Stone* was gone with only a lifeboat and a few pieces of debris to mark where it had been last seen.

The messages which Carrier dispatched in those precious minutes while the ship was sinking are credited with directing a patrol vessel to the scene, resulting in the rescue of most of the crew. Because he helped his radio operator instead of obtaining a life jacket and seeking a place in the lifeboat, Captain Gallagher went down with his ship as did so many before him.

If a memorial is ever raised to those unsung heroes of the war at sea, the names of John Leahan and Arnold Tangen should lead the list. These men stayed at their posts in the radio room of the transport *Henry S. Mallory* when it was torpedoed and sunk, one of the most tragic ship disasters of the war.

The *Mallory* was a United States Army Transport Service vessel manned by a civilian crew. She was bound from New York for Iceland with 400 troops, 71 merchant seamen and 33 Navy Armed Guard gunners. Because of her large human cargo, the ship was assigned an inside position in the convoy. She was the third ship in the third column among 65 transports and freighters. This favored position did not save the *Mallory*, for a torpedo found her at 0355 on February 7th, 1913, when the convoy was 510 miles south of Iceland.

The night was bitterly cold. The wintry sea, which registered 23 F., was running heavily as the *Mallory* quickly began to settle by the stern. The exploding torpedo which had ripped a tremendous hole in her just abaft the engine room, also killed many of the troops quartered in that area. All was chaos, yet there was organization in the chaos which resulted in the saving of many lives which would have otherwise been lost.

Topside, the heavy seas smashed the starboard side lifeboats. The remaining ones were terribly overcrowded; only 10 boats to accommodate more than 500 men. Third Mate Robert Trenoweth calmly took charge of getting the boats away. Survivors said that he appeared to be merely directing a routine boat drill, not fighting for survival on the angry North Atlantic.

There were many incidents of heroism aboard this sinking transport. Several crewmen went below to try and rescue Marines who were trapped in their quarters. The ship sank before they could get back on deck. Able Seaman Walter J. Carson found a Navy gunner with a broken back and carried him on deck to a place in one of the boats. Seaman Enas Chandler led several dazed soldiers from the berthing spaces to the boat deck then went back for more. Cadet Joseph Best, Jr., took charge of a lifeboat with the skill of a Cape Horn sailor. And Captain Horace R. Weaver refused to leave the bridge saying his post was on the ship as long as it held passengers and crew.

While these acts of heroism were in progress, Leahan and Tangen were at their posts in the radio room. They knew their ship hadn't long to live. The lights were getting dim and the deck was canting. The shouts and cries of the soldiers and the thump of boots in the passageways must have served as an almost irresistible call to leave their hopeless though important task and run for the open deck. But they served a noble tradition of the sea. Their post was in the radio room as long as there were people aboard ship and messages to send. And in the radio room they stayed even as the lights went out and the *Mallory* plunged toward the bottom.

Throughout the war this phrase was to be seen in the official reports of torpedoed ships: "When last seen, the radio operator was still in the radio room." No greater sacrifice can be asked of any man.

In peace time too, the heroic exploits of the man known as "sparks" are

legend. Many a potential disaster has been turned into a fairly routine rescue simply because the radio operator stuck to his post and went about the business of calling for help when he could just as easily have taken to the boats and let the ship and its people fend for themselves. In the face of raging fires, in wild gales with the ship breaking-up under his feet, he has stayed at his "bug" more than once to sacrifice his life so that others might live to see another day.

Compared with the long period of maritime history, the time which has passed since Mr. Marconi's little wireless cracked out its first weak message is extremely short. Yet in this short time, a new member of the crew has made a place for himself comparable in importance to most other jobs aboard ship. He has fitted in and by so doing, built a tradition for himself, for his position. And in spite of the vast electronic advances made and even in the light of probable future developments, no one wants to go to sea without him.

To "sparks" then, *The Compass* dips its colors as a salute to an indispensable man. Your contributions to safety and the preservation of life at sea, even in the face of disaster, have been many. As your shipmates would say, no matter on which ship you serve or under what flag, "It's nice to have you aboard."

Thanks to member Anton B. "Andy" Anderson - 1566-P for sending "SPARKS", a reprint from Socony Mobil's "Magazine of the Sea" which we have been permitted to use

**YOU**  
don't belong to  
this Association!  
**IT** belongs to **YOU!**



# The Skipper's Log



**F.Y.I.**

BY  
**WILLIAM  
BRENNAN**

## A TIP OF THE HAT

We have learned that Raymond E. Meyers, Charter Member No. 89 (Sr.) SGP of the Society has decided to "Swallow the Anchor" as Executive Secretary of OOTC and Editor of SGT. "Ray" (also known as "Heinie" by old Navy Salts) says he is pushing 84 years and he and XYL Marge would like to see a bit of the world before time makes too many inroads on health.

Ray's professional career started in 1912 when he was assigned as wireless operator on the SS Comanche/KVC. Experiences in the USN are legendary, including assignment at NBD/Bar Harbor and of course the Nautilus and the SOS he sent under extreme conditions, saving the ship and crew.

Those of us in the Society of Wireless Pioneers wish Ray and Marge "smooth sailing" and "happy days" ahead. We know OOTC members will miss the fist at W5MLZ. Good luck OM !!!

Lt. Col. Augustine J. Gironda - W2JE is taking over as Executive Secretary and Editor at OOTC. Our best wishes to "Gus" and OOTC from us all at SOWP.

## 1978 DUES PAID ?

The new postal rates which became effective May 29 1978 will have a serious fiscal impact on our operations since one of our major expenditures, in addition to our printing bill, is the expense of mailing publications over the world. We think non-profit organizations such as ours have been extremely hard hit and many will be forced to discontinue. It is regretted that the Post Office found it necessary to increase rates so sharply and without giving non-profit organizations more consideration.

The net result as far as SOWP is concerned is a bit of 'belt tightening'. We have tried to be prudent in fiscal matters and have allowed for some promotion, including the mailing of publications to members whose dues are not too far in arrears. We have mailed copies of the last 2 Journals to all members who paid their 1977 dues but this is to warn that unless members now in arrears with unpaid 1978 dues pay before the next edition is published, their name will be placed on the "INACTIVE LIST". They will be retained as "Life Members" as long as current addresses are furnished but publications will be discontinued to save printing and postage costs. This applies also to the coming Sparks TV and the Directory/Year Book. We hope all will elect to retain their "Active" membership standing. Should you wish to check your dues standing, drop us a line with SASE Enclosed

## MOVING ? ... IMPORTANT

IN MOVING ... TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE ! We would like to suggest you send your "COA" (Change of Address) as far in advance as possible. Our mailing is now handled by a Commercial Mailing Organization and from the date we deliver our mailing list to them for processing, there is an elapsed time of nearly two weeks before Journal is actually mailed and during which time we can not correct the listings.

Regretfully, once the address list is delivered to the mailer, all copies of the Journal will be forwarded to address of record. The Post Office receiving the Journal (classified as a newspaper) if unable to deliver as addressed will NOT FORWARD it unless prior arrangements have been made by you to do so. What they do is to tear off the address label (generally most of the back page) returning it to us with Form 3579 to correct our address listing. This costs us 25 cents but in the process your Journal is destroyed and unless copies on hand allow, we may not be able to forward another copy of this issue even if you pay for it. Duplicate copies, including cost and postage run about \$2.00 each. If in some manner we have 'goofed' we will send you another copy without charge. However, if you have failed to notify us in time, we feel it is your responsibility and should be willing to pay for another copy, if available. Please do remember this important 'fact of life' as it applies to keeping your address updated and correct.

## OVERLOADED CIRCUIT...WHAT HAPPENS ?

One of the first things we learn in wireless was that if we put too large a load on a circuit we could 'pop' a fuse or worse ... and we were in trouble !

I mentioned in the last Journal that the wiring of the Ancient Mariner's circuit was of heavy gauge material and could take considerable overload for extended periods of time. However, the larger the load becomes, the more vulnerable we are to a 'burn out' (editor).

We are still hopeful that part of the load on the present conduit can be metered to other circuits as a safeguard for longevity and operation free of power outage.

If you note any coils around that might be wired into the existing circuitry for an extended period, we would like to acquire, on a permanent basis (preferred) or loan basis to avoid potential outages due to surges and loads that are somewhat unpredictable.

Do you read... powerhouse ??? + \* - - - \* \*

## LOGISTICS — JOURNAL DELIVERIES

The last editorial written by M6MLZ in SGT ( June 1978 ) carried the information on the delays they were experiencing with the mail. Third class mail, mailed May 17th at San Gabriel and addressed to their POB at the same P.O. took 7 days. We note with regret that other organizations have had similar problems.

The Society mailed their last Journal April 25th 1978 at 2:30PM. Our 'monitor copy' which had to go less than one block took 8 days to make the trip ! Our amateur nets kept us informed of the 'progress' the publication was making across the country. We found members in Florida and New Jersey received their copy is the same time it took us to receive ours. Those in the San Francisco Bay area received theirs in 12 days. Seattle Portland, etc. 8 days, Southern California 5-6 days and some areas such as Maine etc 6 weeks.

It becomes a bit difficult to explain to those in the mid-west as to why they haven't received their copies when members on the East Coast have already received theirs a week earlier. The word gets around fast on our nets of course so many start to write ... wondering WHY ? HASN'T MY COPY ARRIVED YET ?? Am I still on your address list ? What happened ??? About all we can do is say ... hold tight... the Journal will reach you in due time ( we silently hope)! We say a silent prayer when we deliver the load at the dock of the Post Office and hope... From there on, it is in their hands and we can only hope for the best.

## WANTED ... ASSISTANT EDITORS

In order to cut down workload at HQ and also provide a more interesting format for the Journal, we have given thought to inviting qualified, interested members to edit and work up certain feature pages in each issue of the Journal. This should appeal to those interested in graphic arts and those with a nose to news to work up, much on their own, the material for such sections. We have in mind at the present departments for (a) USCG, (b) Navy, (c) Signal Corps, (d) Aeronautical Radio (Commercial and Gov't). We would also include CHAPTER and NET News but perhaps Messrs. Willmot and Harrison will wish to handle these assignments. We could also use a few re-write men to type copy for publication. If you would care to volunteer, let me know.

## BATTERY WIRELESS MEMORIAL RESTORED

The Wireless Operator's Memorial located in Battery Park (NYC) near the George Dewey Promenade was presented to the public on May 12 1915 by Acting Mayor McAneny under the auspices of the Park Dept. and Maritime Association of the Port of New York who had administration of funds. Acceptance was made by Park Commissioner H. Cabot Ward from the architectural firm of Hewitt & Bottomley who designed the memorial without charge. Funds for the memorial were raised by popular subscription - much of it coming from passengers of ships who donated. The New York Times was the first substantial contributor (\$100.00). The Marconi Co., of America contributed \$500 to the fund with many other donors assisting.

During recent years vandals struck the memorial. The mutilation and effacement had destroyed its beauty and purpose. Early in 1978 Bernie Bernstein, SOWP member reported the vandalism to us and we ask him what could be done to repair the damage. He reported back in due time that restoration was under way. We are glad to learn that member Viggo Madsen (1287-P) was chairman of a committee from VWOA to restore the monument. We received information recently from Area Director Ed Raser (also "Jay" Quinby, Ken Richardson and others) that new plaques had been neatly installed and the monument was in good repair. We appreciate the effort of our colleagues in VWOA to restore this important monument, which is so meaningful to wireless men around the world. Thanks to President Jack Poppele and officers of VWOA on behalf of our Society it is understood that the Wireless Operators Monument was rededicated May 20 1978 by Mr. Poppele acting as M/C

## 2900 PLUS MEMBERS & STILL GROWING

Little did I think ten years ago when I first proposed the formation of a Society for "professional" wireless operators that it would grow into the largest organization of its kind in the world. On June 28 1978, Franklin T. Unruh (SGP) application crossed our threshold and he became the 29th member of our "CENTURY CLUB" --- a unique group whose serial can be divided by 100. "Frank" began his career at the Navy Station "NPL" in 1924. After serving aboard the USS Oklahoma, Trenton and Richmond, he 'went' commercial on the SS Endicott/KODN in 1930. Later he served in the CAA/FAA. He was Chief of Communications in Alaska for CAA for many years. Now membership sights are set on the magic number of 3000. Judging from recent response, it will not take too long to reach this goal. Thanks to all members of the Society for their wonderful help and 'assist' in recruitment. Especial tribute to John Elwood (V.P. Membership) for his unending efforts on behalf of the organization. Space will not permit listing the hundreds of members who consistently donate their time and effort in recruiting and building the Society.

## JOURNAL ... NEXT ISSUE

It seems that we never get enough space to print the many "EPISODES & EXPERIENCES" our members send in. We have a lot of them, to date unpublished. Acting on a wild impulse ... I might devote the coming issue to nothing but E&E. I probably will forfeit my Journalistic License in so doing but I think it would become in time a real collector's item. (worth many millions of deflated dollars, no doubt) Don't hold your breath for a change in format... you might choke ... but again ....

Continued on page 19



## SIGNAL CORPS STORY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

Just as the orderly is gathering his reins to canter off, a giant billowy ball of saffron-hued smoke springs out of nothingness about ten feet off the ground, a deafening crash is heard—smoke and explosion occur at precisely the same instant. The orderly and horse appear to lift some three feet in the air and thud inert to earth. Three of the pack crew go down, ripped up in hideous strips. Two others attempt to get up and roll over with curious gurgles. They have crossed into calmer water. A horse shrieks and lies lashing at the lifeless carcass of his teammate. The wagon is splintered and the fore limber is wrecked. Only three of the pack crew are unscathed. Smart gunners these enemy horse artillerymen—not exactly blacks. Suddenly the Q.F.'s limber up and gallop towards the gap in the hedge.

"Come on, you people, get a horse and move yourselves, their patrols are three fields off," yells a Major of Artillery.

"No time to repair"—the rest is lost in the rumble of limbers and sog-sog of the hoofs. The pack crew hastily unstrap their axe and pickaxe and do a seemingly curious thing. They smash into the apparatus, and next second the shining fabric of ebony and nickel, of which they were so proud, lies in a tortured heap. A tin of petrol is ripped up and the pile drenched, a light applied, and a crimson tongue of flame shoots up, stationery, messages, etc., are thrown on top. Two minutes later three horsemen

are tearing down the poplar-lined pave in the wake of the fastly moving Q.F.'s and cavalry. Mauser bullets hum and whine about their ears and occasionally crack into the poplars with loud whiplike snaps.

One grimy rider turns to his comrade: "Anyway we got the message through, and the swine can't use our gear—get up, Billy boy"—as his weary horse stumbles and picks up his stride again.

Three kilometres farther on a loud close-at-hand rumbling assails their ears—our heavies about a kilometre off by the sound. Suddenly the Q.F.'s halt, unlimber, and send salvoes of shell shrieking into the strung-out advance guard of the enemy. Our cavalry reinforcements have arrived, too. To right and left they can be seen streaming and deploying. Eighteen-pounders, too, battery on battery are coming up at the trot through stiff plough, and unlimbering and beginning to spit and cough. Machine guns rattle, rifles and carbines crack, riderless horses tear insanely and aimlessly in all directions. The enemy's patrols wheel round, and in a few minutes they can again be picked out, their squadrons lighter, hurrying into the shimmering haze, much like scurrying ants.

The Q.F.'s gallop back on their tracks in a fog of choking dust, a squadron of lancers, more horse artillery, another dragoon and hussar squadron, and cantering hot in their wake with limber and trail swaying, and an eddy of dust astern, another pack wagon clatters. Everybody looks fresher and cleaner than the advance guard. They've all come up in response to THE message.





# Military Preparedness

## HISTORICAL PAPER

### The War Spirit of the Signal Corps

A Dramatic Account of the Units in the Field Under Fire in Flanders.

SOMETHING of the sensations of signalmen of the British troops is given in a narrative by "Perikon" in *The Wireless World*. With the call to arms sounded, this article will interest all wireless men who contemplate taking the field in the service of their country.

The final inspection at the wireless depot is in full swing. Across the stretch of flat ground a small limbered wagon is careening, drawn by a four-horse team. Ahead and behind the swaying limber ride a posse of horsemen.

The glittering hubs and shining wheels are as clean as emery, "elbow grease" and "oil-preserving wood" can possibly make them. The horses have all the glossy satin coat which comes of decent treatment, feeding and grooming. The harness and saddlery glitter. Buckles, irons and bits gleam silver in the sun. The men themselves are spick and span, and sit their saddles well.

A number of whistle blasts, and the canter changes to a gallop. The cavalcade takes the prepared ditches and banks without slackening speed—the team horses straining into their breast collars and their traces taut. A second blast, and the troop halts abruptly. The team is swiftly unhooked, the "single mounts" are passed to the drivers and the horses move off in a bunch and "stand easy" some hundred yards off—snorting and blowing and generally having a breather.

The wagon is left with the station crew, who fall in smartly in the rear, and next second are busy "erecting station." Three minutes later the first mast is raised, stayed and secured. The second follows, and in a brief space there is a sudden road and a hiss as the motor starts, and Number One depresses the transmitting key.

"Station ready and working—six and a half minutes—not so bad," remarks a dapper officer of Engineers standing some hundred yards off—"Dismantle." The order is conveyed by whistle blast, and eight minutes later the pack trots past *en route* for stables and dinner—the dreaded ordeal over and with the conviction that they've done well and will surely soon be across the Channel.

Two weeks later sees the limber, then the trail, being swung aloft by a giant crane and swiftly lowered into the spacious hold of a "trooper." The horses are "tween decks" with their saddlery on, but with loosened girths. The station crew are squatting on deck and doing their best to avoid the various white-hot steam pipes with which the decks of a tramp seem to abound, and in drawing their life-belts from the roomy chests on deck and elsewhere.

Ten months later the advance guard of the 160th Corps rattles through the deserted little village. First a troop of lancers, then four wicked-looking Q.F.'s with ammunition limbers apiece, and a couple of baggage and forage wagons behind. Then a small limbered wagon with a small posse of horsemen ahead, and behind—the wireless wagon. If you looked closely you'd recognize it as the same one you'd noticed at the home depot undergoing its final inspection. But there's a drastic change in everything. The wagon is encrusted in dry mud and dust, and small pieces of turf are adhering to wheel and limber. The horses have lost much of their satin, and the metal fittings of the harness no longer shine silver, instead they are thick in rust. No glittering huckles, irons or bits now. Then men look thinner perhaps, and stubbly beards and unwashed appearance

almost convince you that they can't really be the same men. You note a difference—a vague something in their way of looking at one, and you decide they're not the same men.

Behind them another troop of grimy cavalry clatter—horses in a lather, and horsemen blue-chinned and hollow-eyed. For three days they've pushed on, pressing and worrying the rearguard of the crack East Prussian Corps directly opposed to them. The great retirement has begun and the Germans so far have conducted it in a swift and businesslike manner. Another twenty kilometres perhaps, and they'll swing round and make a stand, for the black-eagled frontier posts begin just beyond that—then there's a possibility of firework displays on a large scale. Meanwhile the grey Uhlans of the rearguard can sometimes be picked out with the naked eye crossing fallow, or silhouetted for a fleeting instant on the sky line.

The leading troop of our advance and the four wicked-looking Q.F.'s suddenly swing through a gap in the roadside hedge and canter in the direction of a small plantation. The rest of the cavalcade follows and halts in the shade of a row of tall elms. A "fleeting opportunity" target has offered itself in the shape of a dense blue-grey smudge toiling like a big lizard into the heat haze some two miles ahead. An instant later the Q.F.'s are showering them with douches of whining metal. Smoke obscures the lizard, but when it clears nothing can be seen distinctly by the naked eye—perhaps it's better.

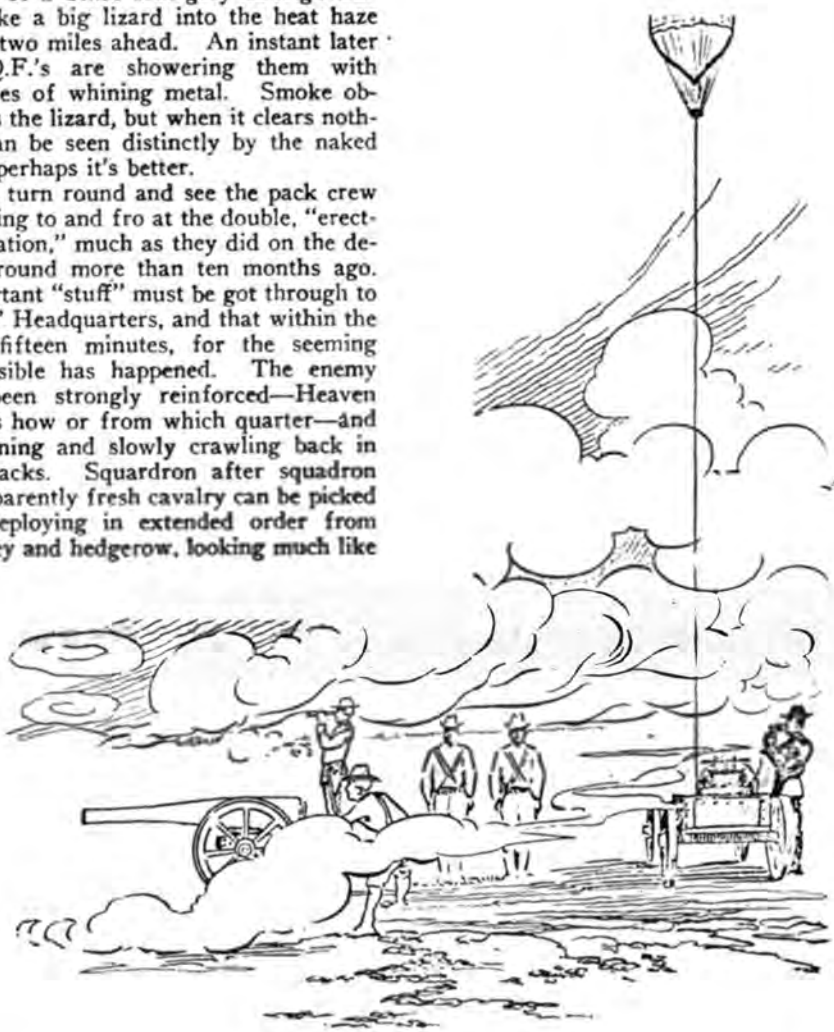
We turn round and see the pack crew hurrying to and fro at the double, "erecting station," much as they did on the depot ground more than ten months ago. Important "stuff" must be got through to Corps Headquarters, and that within the next fifteen minutes, for the seeming impossible has happened. The enemy has been strongly reinforced—Heaven knows how or from which quarter—and is turning and slowly crawling back in his tracks. Squadron after squadron of apparently fresh cavalry can be picked out deploying in extended order from spinney and hedgerow, looking much like

hurrying ants at the distance. It means our advance guard falling back perhaps ten kilometres, unless at least a cavalry division and the Corps' "heavies" can be rushed up in time to meet the oncoming wave and send it staggering back. Two troops of the finest cavalry and four Q.F.'s of small calibre can do some considerable damage, but it's suicide to attempt to stem an entire enemy division equipped with well over thirty light pieces maybe.

The enciphered message goes hissing out into space, and a yawning operator at Corps Headquarters (a tumbledown farm some four miles in the rear), takes down the message group by group, hands it to his superintendent, and signals the pack to go on with his "stuff."

Meanwhile the Q.F.'s have abruptly ceased firing, and their teams are trotting over to move them. The cavalry outposts have galloped in. A ranging shell bursts over the trees a decent hundred yards to the right, and occasionally spent bullets go whinny overhead. An orderly canters over to the wireless station, and next minute the masts are down and being packed, the aerial is running home on its drums, and the gear is being loaded

(Continued on Page 31)



Opens Your Porthole  
to Vistas & Memories



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Master Mariner  
-- 1492

◆◆◆◆ VOICE OF THE "PROFESSIONAL" RADIO OFFICER ◆◆◆◆

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Newsletters from the Society of Wireless Pioneers, founded 1968  
~ Dedicated to the History of Seagoing Wireless Operators ~

Special thanks to the following for these documents:  
Key [SK = Silent Key, SGP = Spark Gap Pioneers, P = Pioneers,  
V = Veteran, M = Member, Sparks = Worked at Sea]

To:

- (SK) Ed Raser, W2Z, Radio Pioneer, Sparks, SOWP #35-SGP
- (SK) Bill Gould, K2NP, Radio Pioneer, Sparks, SOWP #565-P
- (SK) Matty Camillo, W2WB, Sparks, SOWP #750-SGP
- (SK) Dare Robinson, WB2EVA, Sparks, SOWP #2284-SGP
- (SK) Ray Brooks, K2LTX, Sparks, SOWP #1387-P
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**NEWSPAPER**  
SPARKS - JOURNAL

Postmaster: Please send form 3579 if unable to deliver.

The "Wireless" = Our Proud Heritage!